JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1916

3D EVERY THURSDAY

HOME PROBLEM No. 1 by the EDITOR

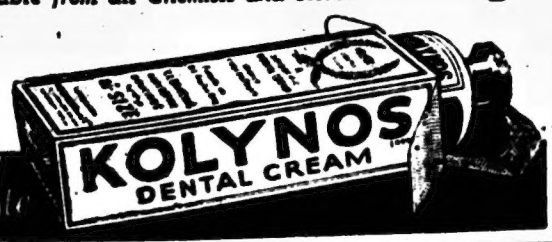
UP GO OUR PRIZES!

BATTLE FOR THE MAIN KEY By A.G.G.

Aptly described as an Empire Arsenal and an Empire Larder, Canada has also played the role of fairy godmother to many children evacuated from their homes in Gt. Britain. We may be quite sure that in acquiring new habits they will be encouraged to develop those instilled by their parents: washing behind their ears, for example, and cleaning their teeth night and morning—with KOLYNOS.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT—
USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS; RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



PRACTICAL PLAN FOR CUTTING FUEL CONSUMPTION

ADOPTED BY BRITISH HOUSEWIVES

Aims at Saving a Million and a Half Tons of Coal a Year

She saves 9 lbs. of coal (about half a bucket) every washday by not boiling her clothes.

IF women who boil their washing every Monday were to stop boiling, the saving in coal to the nation would be a million and a half tons a year, whether women use gas, coal or electricity for heating the water.

But, is it possible to wash clothes successfully without boiling, you ask? It most certainly is!

Clothes clean and white

The Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories have made scientific tests of this wartime, no-boil method, and it gets the clothes beautifully clean! The saving in fuel is half a bucket of coal every week. Gas users save 40 cubic feet of gas.

Here is the method: You use half your usual amount of water; it should be slightly hotter than your hand can bear. Into this sprinkle *two-thirds* the usual amount of Rinso and whisk up to a lather. Put in your whites first (please be sure that the suds cover the clothes when well pressed down) and soak for twelve minutes. Then you simply wash through, rinse and they're ready to hang out—beautifully clean! Treat coloureds in the same way, using the same suds.

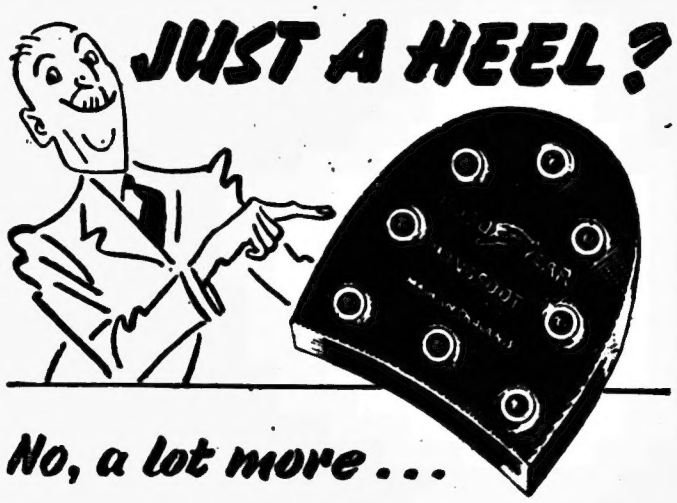
Start using the wartime Rinso method next washday—you'll be delighted, both with your washing and the saving in fuel.

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet—one coupon. 7d. packet—two coupons.

R. S. Hudson Limited

FUEL-SAVING GUIDE FOR WASHDAY	
National coal-saving target	10,000,000 Tons a year
British housewives' saving (by not boiling clothes) . .	1,500,000 Tons a year
Average saving per household—9 lbs. of coal (about half a bucket) each washday—or about 5 fuel units a year.	

R 3169-414



JUST A HEEL?

No, a lot more...

There's an expression which says "it ain't what you do — it's the way that you do it." And the manufacture of the best heels these days — now that they *must* be made of *regenerated* rubber — depends very much on "the way that you do it." Think what this means to you, the wearer of the Goodyear Heel. It's not just a heel. It's still a Goodyear heel, made by the world's largest producer of rubber products. It still has the great advantage of being made with the skill which comes only from generations of experience of manufacture . . . the way Goodyear do it, backed up by Goodyear's unequalled resources. As a result, the Goodyear Heel *still* gives you relatively the greatest satisfaction it is possible to obtain from any rubber heel on the market without using raw materials essential to the war effort. Give yourself, then, all the comfort and economy which Goodyear Heels have got for you . . . tell your repairer to fit them!

GOODYEAR

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d

REFILLS 7d & 11½d

(Including Purchase Tax). Prices U.K. only.

NO MESS

NO WASTE

the last brushful is as effective as the first

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4. GD 7468

FOOD FACTS

MURDER in the SAUCEPAN!

In wartime when fruit is scarce we must get our Vitamin C in other ways. There are plenty of green vegetables in the shops just now — they'll give you all the Vitamin C you need.

Perhaps you *eat* plenty of green vegetables but are you cooking the vitamins in them to death? Study the pictures below and see that you don't murder your vitamins.

FIVE RULES for saving VITAMINS

1 Wash vegetables quickly but thoroughly.

2 Shred greens (slice with a knife) just before cooking.

3 Cook with the lid on the saucepan and just enough boiling water to keep the pan from burning. One teacupful is usually sufficient.

4 Don't overcook, ten minutes is usually enough.

5 Serve at once.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 138

Here's how to double your dates!

It's so simple. Use Colgate Dental Cream . . . . the tooth-paste that makes it impossible for you to be guilty of Oral Offence. Because it keeps your teeth sparkling and your mouth fragrant.

Oral Offence, the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence — instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY AND BEFORE EVERY DATE

1/1 — *Including Tax*

'FLU?

No Fear!

AT the first sign of a 'Flu attack I take a dose of Beecham's Powders in a little water or milk and nip the trouble in the bud.

Can't afford to be laid up this winter!

Beecham's Powders are a reliable remedy in a pleasant powder form. They are quick in action and dependable in results.

Equally as good for Colds, Chills, Rheumatic Twinges, Headaches and Nerve Pains. You should try them!

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 6, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

PRELUDE TO ACTION

THE Tunisian setback is being met vigorously. Whether the Allied Spring offensive will await the final eviction of the Axis from North Africa is not for us to predict.

Hitler is much more worried about that than we are.

But perhaps even the Casablanca schedule might be advanced to take advantage of the great Russian victories.

Teeth of Steel

With the bulk of his forces struggling to escape from the jaws of the Russian bear, the enemy has particular cause to fear an *early* Anglo-American drive towards the Reich.

He needs another two months to train those new armies which are the last he will be able to raise.

Bulldog Grip

Meanwhile, even with the aid of a thaw, he would find it hard to disengage any large force on the Eastern Front.

For the Russian bear has some similarity to the British bulldog—once it has secured a hold on its prey it doesn't let go.

Cost of Resistance

Undoubtedly our Russian comrades have paid a terrible price for their tenacity.

Their losses on the field must have been heavy. Millions of their people behind the lines have died of cold and hunger. Millions more have been enslaved by the common enemy.

To Marvel, and Admire

Never has a nation been bled more cruelly. Never has there been a finer example of human courage—or of determination and dignity that future generations will admire as greatly as we do to-day.

But the highest marvel is that a people which has suffered so much should be able to summon fresh strength now to beat back the invaders.

Four Hundred

From Stalingrad to beyond Kharkov our allies have advanced more than 400 miles in a sweep as speedy as Montgomery's leap from El Alamein.

A similar advance from the French coast would have taken us beyond the Ruhr.

Wide Choice

But France is not the only site for our attack.

There are plenty of other Occupied Countries which beckon us eagerly—and President Roosevelt has declared that we shall strike from various directions.

There are signs that the enemy is becoming almost desperate in his efforts to discover When and Where.

Air Power

Wherever we attack, it will be the most audacious of all military ventures. Geography makes that certain.

It will include the most intensive air assaults ever experienced. The efforts of our aircraft makers have ensured that much.

But to mount an all-out aerial offensive we shall have to use fewer 'planes against the U-boat at the very time when we should be using more.

Two in Three

At the moment, it is reported, two out of three R.A.F. machines are engaged in the Battle of the Atlantic. Obviously, we cannot maintain so high a proportion when our invading armies require overwhelming air support.

The strain on our shipping this Spring will therefore be prodigious; it would be folly to underrate the losses we may sustain.

Full Speed Ahead

We must be able to replace the losses. At the same time, reinforcements will be needed for Tunisia.

There, so far, only small forces have been engaged, but comparatively large armies will soon be in action.

Thus, we at home cannot sit back and wait for our fighting men to go "over the top" across the seas.

Incentive

Now we must work as never before—producing 'planes, ships, guns and tanks.

If the Government is wise, it will give an added incentive to Servicemen and war workers alike.

On the Shelf

It will remove the angry dismay aroused by the Beveridge fiasco.

It should disclose ambitious preparations for every need of a world at peace.

Not only by a real start on the Beveridge Plan, but by proceeding with the Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow schemes that for months have been accumulating dust in official pigeon-holes.

Spanning the Globe

It must show it is ready for world-wide reconstruction. It must widen the scope of the discussions taking place between British, American, Russian and Chinese spokesmen.

The visit of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, for example, offers a rare opportunity of making Chungking and London see eye to eye.

Disagreement

With others of our allies, we should seek to repair the growing breach between Russians and Poles, Czechs and Poles, Russians and Serbs.

The Czechs and Poles (to mention just one problem) differ on the question of federation. A question which impartial advice should help to solve.

Back to 1914!

We should make it clear that terms of frontiers and boundaries belong to the bad old days of 1914.

In 1943 we should be planning fair-for-all economics in the spirit of the Atlantic Charter.

We should be setting up machinery to work those economics—machinery more important than any boundary line on an out-of-date map.

Peace Feelers

Again, we should be ready to deal with possible "peace feelers" from Axis satellites. If, for example, the Finns want to talk peace, where is the machinery for the purpose?

Similarly, to pave the way for world-wide reconstruction, we must strengthen the contacts between the United Nations.

A start has been made, certainly. A good start.

Taking Shape

Just as unified strategy is at last taking shape on the battlefields of the World Front, so is an agreed strategy for post-war planning.

In this war, unlike the last, we have a real hope of building a new and saner civilisation.

F.D.R. Makes Them Think

That wise statesman President Roosevelt is putting more and more responsibility on Congress committees.

He is making them think not only of the prosecution of the war, but of planning the peace.

His Ministers are making Americans visualise a New World that will not be confined to their own continent.

Rivals or Partners!

Mr. Sumner Welles has warned them that there is no surer method of working havoc than for the United Nations to enter the peace as rivals.

But together we could solve every problem—and it would be far easier to reach agreement while we are still joined together for purposes of war.

Therefore he urges immediate consultation on post-war problems.

Specifics

Mr. Henry Wallace goes further. He has specific proposals.

He advocates a United Nations investment board—to direct capital into the making of international airports, roads, and so on. He demands the development of economic resources throughout the world on the lines of the Tennessee Valley Authority

In Agreement

Britain's Ministers — Eden, Attlee, Cripps, Morrison, Lyttelton—have stated our willingness to co-operate.

We have made a start on our own account—witness the New Deal we have just announced for the West Indies, the enormous housing programme for our own country.

But it is a matter of urgency that we *speed up* the plans.

Who Comes First!

For, in the eyes of our people, our Government has still to prove its good faith in social reforms.

It must answer by deeds as well as words the grim query of Sir John Boyd Orr, that famous and outspoken authority on the nation's food:

"Whether or not the essentials for health are given priority in planning depends on whether we are going to plan for the masses or for the maintenance of selfish vested interests."

We are Waiting

We believe that planning will be "for the masses." We believe the masses will not allow it to be otherwise.

But they are critical—and impatient.

Their doubts should be removed *before* we launch the biggest task of war that has ever confronted us.

(Continued overleaf)

FEED THE YOUNG

● It's going to be a bad year for children unless Whitehall shows an unprecedented turn of speed.

So many mothers will be on war work. So many of them will be unable to provide the good midday meals on which child health largely depends.

There is, of course, the school feeding service. An excellent service, it is one of the least honoured but most deserving of modern social reforms.

Unfortunately, it affects but a small proportion of Britain's youngsters.

Even though it has developed greatly since the outbreak of war, it still caters for but a small proportion of the nation's young.

Between 80 and 85 per cent. of children are still unprovided with the balanced feeding that school meals offer!

In short, the school canteen is not playing its full part in our war economy. It will do so only if Whitehall prods the "can't-be-bothered" local authorities and provides the means by which they can establish an adequate system of school feeding.

And this must be done quickly. For the health of the coming generation is at stake and may be imperilled by even a few months' delay.

"A GODSEND AFTER THE TERRIBLE BLOW I HAVE HAD"—

So writes Mr. S. J. Howe, of Templecombe, in acknowledging "John Bull's" cheque paid to him after a raid in which his wife and child were killed by a direct hit on his home.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion, and Bombardment, as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

LUXURY trades are prodding the Board of Trade to allow them to sell more goods.

You'll scarcely believe it, but they seek to prove that the country will go to the dogs unless they get their own way.

We Nearly Cried

Among them is the corset trade, which called a meeting the other day. West End shop assistants and their customers were present.

Harrowing pictures were painted of women factory workers hardly able to make shells and 'planes because a wicked Government wouldn't let them buy corsets at more than a pound or so a pair.

Ten-Guinea Trade

Smart, silly women used to pay ten guineas a pair. It is they who are creating the clamour for luxuries.

But we don't suppose that many of them are making munitions.

Precious Displays

The Board of Trade should stop its ears to the clamour. But we're not confident that it will.

Some London shops clear their linen windows at night—so valuable are the contents. Not all jewellers do that.

You see, linen handkerchiefs are selling at a guinea each.

Christmas is Coming

The "luxury" department of at least one factory is very busy. It is making crackers and streamers for next Christmas!

We're told that paper is scarce. And we're told that this is a total war.

Fooling the Quota

Yet under the "total war" quota system it pays to turn raw materials into the costliest articles that can be made.

So, instead of them all going into necessities, the percentage that becomes luxury goods is higher than ever before.

Whitehall Dolls

Nor does the percentage of idle young women seem to be falling fast. Too many of them are still thronging the luxury shops—or making tea for themselves in Government offices.

For though the "axe" has descended on Whitehall, lots of girls in the twenty to twenty-five class seem to have dodged it.

Service Deferred

Their pretty heads and dainty fingers are reckoned "indispensable" to Whitehall. But it's the older women—in some Departments at least—who do the work.

Don't think we'd push everyone into khaki. We would see that everyone was kept busy at this particularly vital phase of the war.

Guns and Butter

Some folk have been a lot too busy. That is why the War Office has done the right thing in cutting down Home Guard duties for men working long hours in industry or agriculture.

The Germans put guns before butter. We in this country demand both. The new arrangement should see that we get both.

Fire Guard

One other recommendation of the T.U.C. has brought official action in regard to fire guard duties.

Industrial workers are to have fewer day duties. But many anomalies remain to be cleared up.

Too Much

Thus, Home Guards have been ordered to fire watch in a big city every fifth night—until the city's own fire guard is organised, two years after the last blitz ended!

They will also, they understand, have to do normal H.G. duties—which mean forty-eight hours a month for a man, seventy for an officer. Here, we feel sure, must be some misunderstanding.

But the fact remains that they will be on fire guard six miles away from their headquarters.

Muddled Follies

In the event of airborne attack by the enemy, they would be marooned without arms, without transport, well away from the district they have trained to defend.

We can't think that is wise. And, with the utmost patience, we can't regard the history of the Fire Guard as anything but a series of muddles and follies. Maybe the N.F.S. will now insist on training and equipment for civil fire guards; or is that too much to ask?

Behind the News

- **First Nazi evacuees from Caucasus were oil experts. Now in Rumania, they are rushing up defences of Ploesti wells against Russian advance to bombing range.**
- *Japs in Germany are quietly leaving the country, travelling home viâ Turkey and Siberia. All refuse to comment on Nazi chances of victory.*
- All civilians have been evacuated from Bulgarian and Greek "defence zones."
- **Despite weeks of pressure, Sweden refuses to export munitions to Germany, which particularly sought the famous Bofors A.A. guns, produced by the Allies under Swedish licence.**
- *To lessen risk of Austrian breakaway, all political anti-Nazi leaders are being rounded up. Even Chancellor Schuschnigg, broken in health by two years' house confinement, has been moved to a concentration camp.*
- Another attempt to assassinate Antonescu—and more will follow if he sends more men to Russia.
- **Allied pronouncements on post-war punishment have caused a big falling-off of volunteers for S.S. Black Guards.**
- *General Dietl, commander of Germans in Finland, demands reinforcements—fearful of trouble behind the lines as soon as the Soviet advance reaches his command.*
- Small armoured ships have been sent to the Danube to provide a "fortified line" for Germany.
- **Horthy, Regent of Hungary, has formed his own guard regiment to protect his skin.**
- *Hungarian Catholic politicians, meantime, are travelling to the Vatican, hoping to rescue their country from the Axis.*

- **If we invade the Continent, the enemy may well resume bombing attacks on Britain in order to disrupt our communications.**

Are we ready for them? Are our after-bombing arrangements perfect?

Recent events suggest that local authorities still have plenty to learn.

Consider just one example. A man was killed by a bomb on a café. His wife spent five hours seeking news of him. In vain.

Next day, she and some friends toured the hospitals for six hours. The official information bureau could give no help.

Two days after the incident, she was informed of his death. Yet all the time his name and address had been known to the mortuary authorities.

There are few ordeals worse than suspense. But if defects of organisation are revealed by small raids, may not worse ones become apparent in heavier raids?

Progress

But we have a grain of hope. The principle that civilian women should be equally compensated with civilian men for war injuries has been conceded by a Parliamentary committee — and so another JOHN BULL demand has been granted.

Maybe women fire guards will soon get steel helmets to protect them against war injuries!

Situations Wanted

Let us return to man-power. Provincial newspapers still run long columns of "Situations Wanted." In some towns employment exchanges are crowded with men and women seeking work.

One man was cheerfully and officially told: "You're Grade III, so can please yourself. Why don't you apply for a luxury trade job?"

Kicking their Heels

Thames watermen and lightermen also complain of waiting for work. They get so little, they say, that when offered a job down river they can't afford the fares to get there.

Officialdom should be interested.

Maintenance Men

There must be economy of labour because this year will make unprecedented demands on man-power.

Particularly must the R.A.F. be given sufficient recruits to enlarge maintenance staffs so that more 'planes can be put into the air.

It isn't enough to have more pilots and more aircraft. Unless the ground crews are sufficient, Lancasters and Spitfires will be grounded.

Preference for Prisoners

Hundreds of workers on Midlands farms are asking: "Why are Italian prisoners allowed wellington boots while we have to go without?"

Local agricultural authorities agree that wellingtons are essential, but say they just can't get supplies. Which makes it all the more odd that Italians can get them for easy work while British folk on heavy farm work have to put up with muddy feet.

Six Months

It's odd, too, that no encouragement is given to people who want to heed the Grow More Food appeals.

A Manchester husband and wife, both on war work, applied for an allotment near home. After waiting six months they tired of official dumbness and privately got permission to use waste land belonging to a public-house.

There was one disadvantage.

Twelve Months

The landlord kept chickens, so the allotment would have to be enclosed by netting. The couple, therefore, applied for a permit to buy the netting.

After much correspondence, they have just received an answer—a refusal for a "permit to keep poultry"!

So, after a year's delay, they are still unable to grow their own vegetables.

Going Up

It's more necessary to grow food than keep pets. We know that. But we also know that there's no justification for the profiteering on pets' food.

Budgerigar seed is being advertised at 18s. a pound. And we're wondering in consequence if anything is too small to provide human sharks with a rich harvest.

No Riches

No easy money falls into the pockets of sub-postmasters, of whom we wrote recently.

Many of them have since sought to remind us that the average pay of £129 per sub-post office includes not only overhead expenses but the wages of an assistant.

Well, we didn't need the reminder. We know that, as an assistant's wages would make a horrible hole in that payment, the postmaster's wife usually has to do the assisting.

10d. a Week

Even if she is "recognised" by the post-office mandarins and is entitled to separate payment for the telephone and telegraph business she handles, she is likely to get 10d. or 1s. a week.

Which doesn't go far either in peace or war.

For a Few

Another subject much discussed at the moment is workers' canteens. Many of them, it is said, are being "run for the benefit of superior clerks and typists who call themselves secretaries."

But on this subject JOHN BULL is callous. The workers have their remedy in the shape of the factory production committees.

Recent weeks have proved that the committees can even oust a managing director.

Starving Belgium

Our sympathy is demanded for a bigger cause.

"Among the starving nations of Europe there is one whose physical sufferings are comparable with those of Greece. That country is Belgium."

That is the first sentence of a booklet just published by the Belgian Information Office. It is undeniably true.

Relief or Cure?

But, though sympathetic, we cannot endorse the appeal for food to be sent to Nazi-Occupied Belgium.

That would be small-scale action, with no guarantee that the food would reach the victims. Better by far to use our shipping for large-scale action—for the Second Front and the famine relief measures that would follow!

WITHOUT FEAR OF

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

HOME PROBLEM No. 1

UNLESS the Government speeds up its housing plans, overcrowding, which is bad enough to-day, will become calamitous when the war ends.

True, a White Paper, just published by the Ministries of Mr. Bevin and Lord Portal, indicates a vast and imaginative scheme to train and mobilise labour for the building industry.

But the actual housing plan is still in the lists of discussion.

Not only is it urgent that this plan should be decided and preparations begun. More—much more—must be done *NOW* to bridge the gap.

We suggest three practicable steps:

(1) Quicker repair of bomb damage to all habitable premises.

(2) Rapid completion of the thousands of "nearly finished" houses which were in course of erection when the war started.

(3) Immediate utilisation of vacant houses now held in reserve for contingencies or standing empty for some other reason.

Schemes for accelerating repairs are being studied.

Why should there be so much "studying" when the need for prompt action has so long been obvious?

This is, once again, a question of priority; of putting first things first. And the truth is that of recent months there have been many skilled builders available and that far too many of them have been sent to labouring jobs.

It would be found, on a nation-wide survey by some resolute authority, that there are tens of thousands of houses up and down the country which could be completed at small expenditure of labour and material.

SEEING that there is no truly national authority to deal with this matter, here is a job for Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production.

For building workers have practically finished erecting war factories, and so, if Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Brown and Mr. Bevin would only put their heads together, it should surely be possible for this released labour to finish building the nearly finished houses of Great Britain.

As to the empty houses, now held in reserve by local authorities *in case* they may be needed for the reception of bombed-out people, our view is that the present need is more imperative than provision for the uncertain future.

Originally, 35,000 houses were reserved in London alone for raid victims; now we are told the number has been greatly "scaled down" and is in constant review.

By whom? The root trouble lies always in the overlapping of authorities.

We maintain that, under a central direction, thousands of "reserved" dwellings could be put to immediate use and that great numbers of large houses, now empty because of their very size, could economically and advantageously be converted into flats.

We do not doubt for a moment that the Government is, *sectionally*, working hard to meet present demands and to plan for post-war necessities.

But the mountain labours and gives forth—a mouse! Mr. Brown, Minister of Health, has promised, for instance, to build 3,000 new cottages for farm labourers this year. Lord Beaverbrook urges, with strong reason, that 30,000 are needed as a bare minimum.

When it comes to the future—when this country will have to meet the clamorous and justified demand of, perhaps, millions of Service men and women for decent, reasonably priced homes to live in, how can we hope to avert disaster if this rate of progress is a sample of the approach to the problem?

At a conservative estimate this country will need 4,000,000 new homes when the men and women in the Services return to civilian life.

In the twenty years between the two great wars we built just about that total of houses.

That means to say that the old peace time rate of building will have to be doubled or trebled.

The White Paper dealing with the mobilisation of building trade workers indicates a plan to spread the job over ten to twelve years.

In the absence of the housing plan itself, we do not know the number of dwellings aimed at in that period.

There have been hints that it is being schemed to provide the urgent minimum of 4,000,000 in the first five years after the war.

We hope that the plan, when it is settled, will at least reach this target.

Air raid damage has been very heavy. In the country as a whole, roughly one house in six has been demolished or has suffered some damage.

Apart from this grievous loss of accommodation, transfers of industry have resulted in acute local shortages, and it is also to be remembered that much property has fallen into disrepair.

Moreover, as in the last war, ordinary house-building came to a standstill as soon as the building industry was geared to the war machine.

Nobody is to blame for these happenings, but the Government will be seriously to blame if it does not make greater efforts to mitigate the consequences.

It is, of course, inevitable that four or five separate Ministries and innumerable local authorities have to be consulted, but the gap between discussion and action is growing dangerously wide.

One consequence of the shortage could be dealt with to-morrow without any consultation. It is profiteering.

The price of houses has risen in the most shocking and scandalous way.

JOHN BULL has denounced this greedy ramp again and again, quoting numerous specific instances.

The facts are notorious. It is by no means uncommon for houses in crowded areas to change hands at double their pre-war price. Increases of 50 to 75 per cent. are the rule rather than the exception.

And there is only one way to stop this wicked exploitation of people desperate for homes. It is for the Government to fix the price of houses on the basis of their value in 1939.

It would not supply additional accommodation, but it *would* prevent our having to start the peace with the price of houses already inflated.

This is a safeguard which could be put into operation at once by the brand-new Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

And then, while doing everything possible to increase housing accommodation now, it should quickly gather up all the ends of the national plan for post-war building.

There must be insistence, among other things, on control of site values, power of compulsory purchase, and central direction of local enterprise.

We must avoid jerry-building, and yet we *must* provide homes quickly.

MASS production—or, in building terms, "prefabrication"—would seem to be the only practical solution to this particular problem.

We shall have to turn huge war factories over to the needs of peace. We shall have to build houses in sections and "assemblable" parts, and do so with all the nicety which now goes to the mass production of the finest cars.

It can be done. Not one, but scores of architects have their designs ready for this purpose, and we do not doubt that several Government Departments are already poring over the blueprints.

But, until the curse of departmentalism and multiple control is lifted from us, it is vain to hope for national reconstruction.

That is why we implore the Government to make housing a national job of the first priority; to compel the co-ordination of all departmental plans and get on with the job.

Pep Up the M.O.I. Film "Shorts"

NO more Ministry of Information five-minute propaganda films—it has been turning out one a week—are to be made for British cinema screens.

Audiences who have had to see them will agree that that is good news.

Instead, one fifteen-minute film is to be made every month to teach us our war-time duties.

That, too, will only be good news if the films are considerably improved.

The home propaganda of the Film Division of the Ministry of Information has certainly been the worst branch of its very considerable work.

* * *

Certainly some of the subjects—such as cooking a potato, and getting hens to live on inconsiderable trifles—have necessarily been far from exciting.

But that—since these are war time lessons that apparently must be taught—should have dictated 100 per cent. technical and artistic ability.

In the vast majority of such films they haven't done so.

It is a trade axiom that the shorter a film the more "pepped-up" it should be.

There is little pep in these Ministerial "shorts." Most are dreary.

And it is true, too, that if your material is unexciting you need good actors to put it over.

* * *

A number of the artists have been good. But there have been pictures in which it has looked as if the Film Division has tried to save money by diluting the professional cast with untrained actors.

Some of the people who have taken part have appeared to be either not made up for the films at all or very badly made up.

Much of the dialogue has been indistinct—although whether it is due to mumbling on the part of the actor or bad sound production it isn't easy for the average member of an audience to decide.

The Ministry does itself an injustice in putting such shows before British audiences—who are apt to judge our foreign film propaganda by them.

Actually, the Ministry's film division does a lot of good work.

At one moment, last year, it was making 174 different films for itself and other Ministries—equivalent to twenty-one main feature films.

Some were full-length films for world consumption, and have been greatly admired abroad.

Then in one week the Ministry made 312 shipments of films to fifty-two different countries or territories—many of which, keeping Axis propaganda off the screens of neutral countries, can be fairly claimed to have done their job.

* * *

All this may have made the Ministry think that anything would do for home audiences.

If that has been the case, let us hope that the new policy of monthly fifteen-minute films instead of weekly five-minute "shorts" represents an all-round change of mind.

LORD ADDISON,
Opposition Leader, House of Lords

MY LORD,—We should lose this war did we not produce more food than ever before in our history.

Even to city-dwellers, far removed from the land, the importance of a balanced agriculture is now clearly manifest.

I am entirely with you, my lord—"the time for a policy of odds and ends is now past."

Prices, as you say, "are a basic matter, yet for most of the producers in this major industry the whole financial basis is a gamble."

Certainly prices must be fixed so as to allow reasonable profits. In return, the farmer must satisfy the public of his efficiency.

For the farm worker, there must be decent wages, better housing, more recreational facilities—and therefore a better prospect for his children.

Otherwise, of course, there will again be a trek of workers from the land to the towns. Farms will again fall into disuse and rich soil become a wilderness.

Important, therefore, is the House of Lords' demand for the Government to formulate an all-Party policy for agriculture.

Three essentials were demanded:

Stabilised markets and prices.

An expanding demand for farm produce—*by ensuring that everyone gets enough to eat.*

Organised marketing of efficiently produced foodstuffs.

There would, of course, have to be international agreement as well. But I believe that could be secured without much difficulty; having obtained a Wheat Convention, surely we can now proceed on the same lines to a convention for agriculture as a whole?

President Roosevelt has indeed given a useful lead by suggesting a United Nations conference to discuss post-war food supplies. What part would the British delegates be prepared to take?

The first step, you will agree, is for the Government to state its long-term policy.

So far, it hasn't had one.

Moreover, it still hasn't got one!

But I see reason for hope. You are one of those peers, of varied political creeds, who have drawn up an excellent plan for home agriculture.

Carry on the good work! Make it clear that any national plan must be backed by international machinery to distribute the riches of the earth.

Let us have world councils to dispose of surpluses, to finance development work and make trade flow easily!

By urging such vital action you will be expressing the people's will.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

LORD QUICKSWOOD,
Provost of Eton

MY LORD,—No doubt the tax dodgers will hail you as a champion of liberty. But I refuse to take you seriously, despite the awful solemnity of your position as Head of Eton.

With the casuistry worthy of a Jesuit—and I hope with your tongue lodged firmly in your cheek—you argue that there is no moral obligation behind the taxation laws as there is behind laws against crime.

Therefore, I presume, it is no moral offence to bilk the State—which means other taxpayers.

But your dubious humour leads you to a foolish error. You talk of "a taxpayer who avoids income-tax which has been imposed by a majority who do not pay it themselves."

Evidently your stay at Eton has removed you from contact with the adult world. Otherwise you would realise that the majority of people pay income-tax.

Home Guards who failed to man an anti-aircraft gun recently have been sent to jail. Just as bad, in most people's view, are the folk who dodge their taxes.

For money is an essential munition of war.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, M.P.,
President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—You're not skilful enough a physician to heal the sore opened by the Government's clumsy treatment of social reform.

We do not need your advice not to put all our money on the Beveridge Plan.

We want the Plan, certainly. But we want a good deal besides.

We do not welcome your excuse that "there are many more competitors in the field of social reform—such as education."

Better education we must have. But not instead of the Beveridge scheme—in addition to it.

I am glad to hear of your determination to go ahead with a scheme of schooling, care and attention for young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

I agree with you that educational reform must be in the front line of any post-war programme; we have long been ashamed of condemned "black hole" schools and a leaving-age that threw most youngsters into the labour market at fourteen.

We are all impatient to see the exact proposals. We know that you have put your heart into the task, and for that you deserve respect.

But you will forfeit much of that esteem if you seek to make "rivals" of other aspects of social progress. Better schooling for the young, better care of sick or workless grown-ups are both necessary: they should be parts of one comprehensive plan for a Better Britain.—JOHN BULL.

ENA THOMPSETT,
Brighton Eleven-Year-Old

DEAR ENA,—Let me tell you that I admire your quickness and kindness.

Of course, you know why. You must remember how, during an Alert, you found four children in a room with neither fire nor light, how you went out and bought them a candle with the only penny you had.

Not finding any milk in the house, you warmed some water and put some sugar in it to feed them. Later, you stood ankle deep in water, frying them some sausages and bread; then, when you were about to bath the babies, an N.S.P.C.C. inspector arrived.

Your own mother must be pleased to have so resourceful a daughter. And, when you grow up, someone is going to be pleased to have you as his wife.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ARTHUR GREENWOOD,
International Women's Day Committee

DEAR MADAM,—Next Sunday there should be a big crowd at the London theatre where you will preside over a "dramatic pageant of the people's fight against Fascism."

A crowd of women. War workers who will bring messages from their factories. Women whose husbands serve in submarines that sail with the convoys.

Women who will remember the wrecking of their homes in the "blitz," who have close and dear relatives to mourn, whose children are joining the Services so that their younger brothers and sisters shall remain free.

No doubt it's a truism to say that women have taken a greater part in this war than in any other.

It is equally true that, to ensure a just peace, they should take a greater share in the post-war public affairs than ever before.

We must have the full assistance, the commonsense suggestions, the diligent attention of women in all planning for the peace. They must do more than vote: they must initiate schemes and carry them out.

Tell your audience so!—JOHN BULL.

Travel and Tolerance

MAN, on the whole, is a restless creature. In him, sometimes active, sometimes repressed, is the urge to travel, to be on the move.

Modern transport has developed that urge. Fast cars, express trains and 'planes moving nearly as quickly as sound, carrying him on land and over the sea.

★ ★ ★

Years ago, as a young man, I decided on a holiday abroad. Of course, my choice was Paris.

And so I scraped together some £40 and embarked on the adventurous journey. That in addition to spending my £40 I had to borrow 1,000 francs from a journalist to get home, is neither here nor there.

I came out of St. Lazare station just as dusk was falling and the lights of Paris were coming to life like rows of enchanted fairy lamps.

The world flashed by on magic wheels. It was a world that moved me almost to tears—such was its delight, its fascination, its glitter, its babel of tongues, its gesturing, alert people.

I shall never again know such rapture as I knew during those first minutes in Paris.

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

I had begun to travel. Since that day I have wandered around France and Germany, Belgium, Austria and Hungary.

There were times I despaired—as when, in 1937, it dawned on me that Hitler had transformed the German people into arrogant bullies.

But travel did not lose its lure. And I hope it will never lose that lure for the people of this country.

We used to have the reputation of being a much-travelled race. It was a false reputation. Only a certain class travelled. Others were debarred from satisfying the urge to go abroad. They hadn't enough money.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps that state of things will be remedied if the suggestion made by Lord Southwood in the House of Lords bears any fruit.

Calling attention to "problems related to youth," Lord Southwood advocated an overseas travel service for children to take them on visits to the Empire, Europe and America.

Should the Government institute such a scheme, I hope that children will travel and not go sight-seeing.

You'll learn more about the French people in a Normandy village than in a Parisian cafe.

The sight of rivers and mountains and impressive buildings; visits to museums and churches; and covering distance for the sake of being "anywhere but here" brings to the traveller no knowledge of the lives or thought or problems of the people among whom he travels.

★ ★ ★

Only by studying a foreign race and by mixing with the people of that race can the traveller learn something of their outlook.

By so doing he will learn tolerance—that blessed quality which enables those who possess it to appraise, and allow for, the weaknesses of himself, as well as others.

A travelled people is an understanding people. And understanding is a crying need among the war-ravaged nations of this shattered world.

Coolest Skipper in the Service

★ By now the whole world, of course, knows about Capt. Bill Mason's grand job in the battle to get that most vital of all convoys through to Malta. But this was the climax of a veritable cavalcade of perilous missions carried through by this fearless seaman when he was one of the Merchant Navy's hush-hush men.

Capt. Mason had brought big quantities of petrol across the Atlantic

HUSH-HUSH HEROES. No. 5.

★

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

ZERO hour for Malta!

"If we lose the battle of Gazala, it is difficult to see how Malta can be retained," Air Vice-Marshal Coningham had said.

And we had lost the battle!

"Malta will be mine in four days," Mussolini boasted.

And it looked as if nothing could stop this vaunt coming true!

Petrol supplies were so low that Spitfire pilots were sternly forbidden to taxi their planes to the runways or back to the hangars.

Take-offs were shortened. After the 2,000th alert, gin was being used as a disinfectant.

The gaunt spectre of famine hovered over the game little island. And worse. . . .

"At one time all our Hurricanes were lost in one blitz," Flight-Lieut. Buck McNair told me. "The first shipment of Spitfires were all destroyed in a day or two after they'd accounted for 72 enemy planes. And soon all the petrol we had was in our tanks. All the bullets we had were those in our guns. . . ."

Malta at Stake

Enemy U-boats, dive-bombers, cruisers and E-boats controlled the Mediterranean narrows.

Malta was in jeopardy. At all costs oil and supplies had to get through. The penalty for failure would be the island itself.

At this crucial stage in Malta's affairs Captain Bill Mason came to the rescue.

A great shipping concern which had brought hundreds of oil tankers across the Atlantic was asked for the best man they had.

In secret conclave in London the directors chose the youngest skipper in their service.

Captain Dudley Bill Mason was one of the hush-hush men of the Red Duster. He had brought scores of petrol cargoes safe to port since the outbreak of war.

He had out-gunned and out-raced U-boats. He had seen ships with his friends aboard blown sky high. He had travelled in convoy and unescorted. Yet always by doggedness and daring he had brought his own "old tub" safely through.

It is typical of the man that he calls his own home "Westward Ho"—but says never a word of his own war-time adventures.

Battered Old Kit Bag

When he first heard the nature of his next little mission, Captain Bill merely mentioned to his brother that he'd been picked for a rather tough job. Then he packed his battered old kitbag.

His tanker, the *Ohio*, was already a hero ship. She had won her laurels when dive-bombed for nearly an hour in the Atlantic.

Thanks to Bill Mason's seamanship, she zigzagged so that the Huns didn't even chip her.

"Mason is always quick on the uptake," say his employers. "He doesn't say much, but what he does say is to the point. . . ."

And now the hero ship had a picked crew of heroes. Every man was chosen for his courage or hardihood.

Some had been twice torpedoed. Many had been commended or decorated. Heading Malta's great rescue convoy, they were all prepared—as one of the gunlayers jokingly said with a grin at his M.B.E. ribbon—"to do it again."

Yet the voyage to hell and back opened so uneventfully that most of the tough nuts yawned and began to read love stories.

Even way past Gib they did not know that the R.A.F. was giving body bunches to an enemy cruiser force moving as if to intercept them from the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Suddenly the look-out sighted the tell-tale spray of a U-boat. Almost at the same instant—a few minutes after dawn—the Stukas roared from a feather of clouds with their guns blazing.

Bombed and torpedoed at the same time—this was what Hitler had in store for the *Ohio*.

As Bill Mason put her hard a'port, a torpedo foamed past her bows. Then two bombs exploded astern.

And then a second torpedo—from a different direction.

U-boats in packs, wave upon wave of dive-bombers. . .

There was a time when the *Ohio* was entirely surrounded by cascading fountains of water. The explosions made her leap from the sea.

"Hell let loose would have been a tea-party," said one of the boys at the pom-poms.

He was proud of being able to hit a gull at 9,000 ft. Now he had the extraordinary experience of seeing one of his shots explode a bomb in mid-air.

Hour by hour the attack went on. Out of the mists came E-boats. And at last a salvo of tin fish so spaced that Captain Mason could not avoid all of them.

The explosion as one struck home seemed to tear the ship in two. But no, she went stubbornly on.

The closed bulkheads held. The *Ohio* listed but maintained speed.

And then again the inevitable happened. Remember, this was the convoy battle that cost us the aircraft carrier *Eagle* and saw the cruiser *Manchester* sent to the bottom.

Official records admit to-day that the *Ohio* "suffered the most violent onslaught" and was "a focus of attention throughout." And, remember, she was stuffed to the ears with an inflammable cargo.

A bomb at last screeched down—and exploded in one of her tanks. Flames roared to the skies.

Every man jack of the crew mustered to quench that blaze. They could have taken to the boats. They stayed.

'Pick Your Bird'

Sweating, sooty, suffocated, they put the flames under control after hours of struggle. Then came the Stukas again.

"Pick your bird carefully," said Captain Mason.

The gunner obeyed so exactly to the letter that one of the dive-bombers came screaming down from the sky in a funeral robe of crimson fire — and crashed amidships on the gallant tanker.

Mason's men had endured shells, bombs, torpedoes. Now they had to fight against flaming wreckage which threatened every instant to cause an explosion.

While they risked lifelong scars by bodily shifting the charring wreckage and flinging it overboard a trio of Nazi torpedo-carriers swooped down.

The tin fish dropped with a wail. One fell astern. Two found their mark.

Below deck the amazing diehards of the *Ohio* struggled to extricate the wounded men from a tangle of twisted metal.

Once again the cargo caught fire, and once again the flames were tackled as if the crew were holding a quiet fire-drill in harbour.

Another bomb—and this time an angry yell came up from the engine-room.

"We're flattened, man. I canna get more than two knots out of her!"

"We'll do what we can!" Mason said.

An unequal struggle? You bet. By now the *Ohio* had three house-size holes gaping in her side and was blazing furiously.

Bill's Cool Thanks

"Try to get to Malta," signalled Rear-Admiral Burroughs, in command of the convoy escort. "They need you. I am proud to have known you."

"Thanks," was Bill Mason's cool answer.

Still the death struggle went on. Captain Mason faced the inevitable—the convoy had to leave him behind.

The dive-bombers attacked again, more than ever certain of their prey.

Gradually the tanker sank lower in the water, but once more the flames were quenched.

Such a brave ship, so great a captain, could not long be left to their fate. A destroyer at length took the *Ohio* in tow. Bill Mason never gave up—and at length, with her precious cargo, the *Ohio* was safely berthed in a Malta harbour.

The fate of Malta no longer hung in the balance. And the *Ohio* is for all time stirring proof to all seamen that courage can pay.

Moscow has 700 Soccer Teams!

WINTER—especially a Russian winter—is the best of all tests of stamina and fitness.

Yet it cuts down Nazi troops as with a giant scythe.

And Soviet soldiers, whom we were never encouraged to look on as athletes, fight forward, ever forward, through the snow and blizzards and thaws that turn whole landscapes into seas of mud

The truth is that the Russian soldier is the hardiest fellow in the world, and that it is physical education—which Germany is supposed to have excelled in—which has made him so.

* * *

The Soviet Army has fewer rejections on physical grounds than any other.

Why? Because Young Russia has pursued the ideal of a keen mind in a healthy body more enthusiastically than the youth of any other country.

Even when the Nazis were driving on the gates of Moscow sport in the capital went on as usual.

But few watched, and it was only in the interludes of fighting or working that the people played.

A gigantic task faced the Supreme Council for Physical Education when it set about making 170 million people sports conscious.

There had been only 250 sports clubs, with 30,000 members, in 1914 Russia.

But soon Universities of Physical Education were founded at Moscow, Leningrad, Tiflis, Minsk and Kiev, and after four years of study 800 qualified instructors were graduating annually.

Concurrently, 28 State schools were training coaches and games masters.

By 1940, nine sports universities and 50 schools were turning out 10,000 instructors a year.

Figures are astonishing.

Moscow alone has 700 soccer teams—the country 20,000 actually taking part in competitions. Some 10,000,000 people competed in the national ski-ing tests.

Practically every community has its soccer stadium, running track and athletic field.

Women train as referees, hold their annual May relay race round Moscow, and follow most sports.

They have beaten the world at speed skating, set up the world's record for a parachute jump. Yes, this counts as sport!

There is no amateurism.

Champions receive prizes like motor-bicycles, free holidays, cars, cash.

It costs the citizen nothing to play. Societies provide the equipment, and stadiums, swimming pools, tennis courts, sculls, sloops, even yachts are provided.

* * *

And the resulting spirit of emulation spreads into the factories, where there is lively interest in the records for the handling of rivets, bricks, even hundredweights of coal.

Soviet Russia has been a dark horse in sport, as in much else.

It has helped to give her that stamina, courage, high morale and devotion to the homeland that has helped her to confound the Axis.

And so an authority has said that the Battle of Stalingrad was won on the playing fields of—Russia!

THE MEDITERRANEAN

★ *Though fresh blows may be struck at Hitler elsewhere before he is cleared out of Africa, complete command of the Mediterranean is essential to final conquest*

Says A. G. GARDINER

HITLER'S new strategy in face of the Russian catastrophe is clear. It is to split the Allies into two camps. Having failed to isolate Russia militarily he now aims at isolating her spiritually.

All over Europe the alarm bells are set ringing and the whole world is summoned to rally behind Hitler as the saviour of civilisation from the Russian terror.

Everywhere the quislings are at the microphone screaming that all is lost unless Germany is saved. All the voices have the same refrain, for all are inspired by that great master of lies, Goebbels.

But the accents vary. Italy is frankly defeatist. Gayda and "woe, woe" Ansaldo cry out for a separate peace with Anglo-Saxondom if only it will help to rescue them from the wicked Bolshevists.

From Oslo, Quisling himself warns us that Hitler is our only hope. If Germany falls, Britain will not be able to stop the devouring monster, for the British Empire is already in ruins and cannot, even with the backing of America, hope to save itself.

Only by hitching ourselves to Hitler's chariot wheels have we a dog's chance of survival. And so on, from all the puppets, from Laval to Pavelitch.

"What sort of people do they take us for?" as Mr. Churchill asked on another occasion.

DO THEY SUPPOSE THAT, HAVING GOT THE GANGSTERS ROUNDED UP FOR THE FINAL KILL, WE ARE TO BE SCARED AWAY BY A TURNIP-HEAD BOGY?

Our reply to all their panic-stricken efforts to disintegrate the Allied front has been made finally, irrevocably. It has been made in two words: "Unconditional surrender."

* * *

But scaremongering is not the only weapon with which Hitler hopes to split the Allies. He has a military technique also, and this is more formidable.

It was indicated the other day by General Diethmar in a military broadcast to Germany in which he described Frederick the Great's method:

> *"Frederick now employed other means. He endeavoured to keep his enemies apart and beat them individually wherever he came across them. . . . By this means he succeeded in exhausting his enemies, undermined their war spirit and emerged from the war as victor."*

Hitler's application of the Frederician model is this: He is cutting his terrific losses in Russia and hurrying back with the remnants of his army to a line which he can hope to hold at the minimum of cost.

His strategy against Russia henceforth is what in cricket is called "stonewalling." Block, block, block!

Meanwhile, with all the resources he can command he will try to anticipate and confound the coming blow in the rear. If he can do this with sufficient effect he calculates

that he will throw the whole Allied scheme of simultaneous attack out of gear.

Stalin will be held at bay at the extremity of his communications and Hitler's striking power will be swung over to the West.

* * *

In this strategy of dividing the Allies and upsetting their common timetable Germany has had an important, if temporary, success. The hold-up in Tunisia has caused a block on the line.

It may be, of course, that in the end Hitler's attempt to keep this last scrap of Africa will take its place among his cardinal blunders. Mr. Churchill sees in it the operation of the same "master mind" that engineered the catastrophe of Stalingrad.

But the immediate effect of the hold-up has been to disorganise the Allied strategy. It has delayed the full weight of the Anglo-American blow falling upon the enemy in the hour of his most desperate necessity and before he has found shelter behind whatever line he is hoping to defend.

It is the first check to the superb timing that in three short months has changed the whole face of the war.

When Churchill and Stalin, at Moscow in the autumn, marked on the map the points at which each would strike on a given day in November, they executed the most brilliant stroke in combined strategy that the war has witnessed.

It has swept the German army to the Dnieper. It has destroyed the Axis strategy in the Middle East. And it has cleared the Germans out of North Africa—almost.

Almost, but not quite. And the narrow margin of failure is a serious handicap to the full success of the joint strategy. It does not imperil the ultimate result, but it does delay and complicate the double and decisive stroke.

FOR THE COMPLETE AND UNEQUIVOCAL CONQUEST OF THE MEDITERRANEAN IS THE PRELUDE TO THE CONQUEST OF HITLER'S FORTRESS.

This does not mean that the attack on that fortress is coming primarily from the

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Why Goebbels Steals Nazi Limelight

NOT the slightest doubt can exist one thing inside Germany—Dr. Josef Goebbels is stealing the Nazi limelight.

He is on the air every week. His regular articles in *Das Reich* are being broadcast two or three times to home listeners and the world.

In addition, he is addressing many Party and factory meetings.

Already it has been suggested that he has become Nazi No. 2 instead of Goering, and that he may even become Nazi No. 1, while Hitler would gradually be turned into a legendary but silent and powerless figure.

Of all the Nazi leaders Goebbels is definitely the most intelligent and best educated. And he is therefore also the more contemptible.

★ ★ ★

He has not even the excuse of being a self-made semi-illiterate man who has climbed to power, like Adolf Hitler.

Nor is he, like Hermann Goering, a mixture of childish vanity and beastly brutality.

Goebbels is certainly not popular. On the contrary, one of the reasons of Goering's relative popularity, especially among lukewarm Nazis, is the fact that he is known to be Goebbels', personal enemy.

Why, then, is Goebbels so prominent in these days of Germany's desperate plight?

Because, unlike Goering, he is under no illusions as to his personal fate after the collapse of the Nazi régime.

Goering has always regarded himself more an army than a Party man. He still hopes that some kind of a settlement may be found "between gentlemen."

★ ★ ★

He remembers the days when, as a lavish host or a good-humoured guest at glamorous society parties, he moved among diplomats, bankers, actresses, generals, industry magnates and aristocrats of all countries.

He cannot believe that his former foreign friends have forgotten all that. His naïve reference in his last speech to the possibility of a peace with the "gentlemen" in the Western countries was typical of his state of mind.

There are reports about conferences which Goering is holding with certain army leaders and at which ways and means are being devised for ending the war before it is too late.

If this is so, it is clear that Goering has still not realised that Roosevelt and Churchill meant what they said when they spoke of "unconditional surrender."

Goebbels, because he is cleverer, does realise it. He knows that he is fighting for his life.

He knows that his only hope of surviving the war is to galvanise all reserves of energy within the German nation for a supreme military effort.

His present frantic activity is born of fear for his personal fate. He, too, enjoyed for years a luxurious life in the midst of artists, writers, actors and actresses.

Yet, he never forgot to keep contact with the rank-and-file of the Nazi Party, because he knew that one day he might need them.

Now the time has come. He goes to meetings and to factories and tells the masses bluntly that if the war is lost they are all doomed.

He deliberately scares them in order to enforce their solidarity. He gambles on their fears.

★ ★ ★

The stakes are piling up: hundreds of thousands more men and women must be pressed into the war industries so that more hundreds of thousands of men may be released to fight the total war which, according to him, has still yet to be experienced.

Goering would like to stop the game. Goebbels knows that it is too late.

V. S.

BATTLE

editerranean. We do not know where it is ming from. Nor does Hitler.

It may be coming as far north as Norway, as far east as the Balkans, or anywhere in tween. We know it is coming and coming on. And Hitler knows it.

I speak of "it" in the singular, but it may ll be that the lightning will strike from re than one quarter of the compass, for e utmost dispersion of the fortress garri- cannot fail to be an element of our fensive strategy.

But whatever the blow or blows that are minent, the immediate crux of the r is that spit of land that juts out towards cily at the narrows of the Mediterranean.

TILL THAT SPIT OF LAND IS OURS OUR COMMAND OF THE MEDITERRANEAN WILL NOT BE COMPLETE AND EFFECTIVE. WHEN IT IS IN OUR HANDS WE SHALL POSSESS ONE OF THE MASTER KEYS OF HITLER'S FORTRESS.

We shall then be able to turn the screw Hitler's jackal until "woe, woe" Ansaldo reams for mercy.

But the unobstructed command of the editerranean means much more than the llapse of Italy. With our air and sea premacy, it means that the islands from rdinia to the Ægean will be mopped up.

It means that the whole southern littoral Europe will be vulnerable to attack from e Gulf of Lions to the Balkans.

It will mean that our supply route to ussia and the Middle East is shortened by x thousands miles—the equivalent of hun- reds of thousands of tons of shipping.

It will mean the assurance of deliverance all the persecuted peoples of Southern urope from France to gallant Yugo-Slavia nd equally gallant Greece.

And what joy it will mean to heroic little alta, which but six short months ago was lonely David enveloped by the hosts of hilistia.

IN A WORD, IT WILL MEAN THAT THE POWER OF HITLER OVER THE WHOLE OF SOUTHERN EUROPE IS SHATTERED WITH CONSEQUENCES THAT WILL PENETRATE TO THE CORE OF HIS JERRY-BUILT EMPIRE.

* * *

And the repercussions of all this upon the ussian position will be immense, altogether art from the direct blows that are coming. will quicken and increase the volume of her pplies.

It will foment rebellion among the ppressed satellite nations — Bulgaria, umania, and the rest at the rear of Hitler's stern wall.

It will confirm Turkey in its not unhelpl rôle of the friendly neutral. It will link ussia up organically with that sea power hich is the final arbiter of war.

Finally, the conquest of Tunisia, and with the conquest of the Mediterranean, will nvince even Goebbels and the quislings at the hopes of splitting the Allies, milirily, or spiritually, are as vain as we know em to be.

★ Is Goebbels just boasting when he says that Germany will be in a position to resume vast offensives, to regain the strategic initiative and to wage successful war again within two months? It is useful to find out on what hard facts, if any, he bases his assertion

Admiral Doenitz and his U-boats are undoubtedly Hitler's big stake in the last gamble

Can Germany do it in the Time?

AVAILABLE evidence suggests that, behind the scenes, Hitler is trying hard to translate Goebbels' claim into reality.

He knows, of course, that his strategy will be dictated the extent of the Russian advance and the offensive plans of United Nations against Europe.

All his propaganda about the "Fortress of Europe" cannot hide his apprehension that the "impregnable" fortifications may be penetrated.

And he realises that, in the end only fighting—hard fighting on land, in the air and on the seas—can save him from utter destruction.

That is why more significance must be attached to his attempts to regroup his battered divisions, to conserve his *Luftwaffe*, and to increase, if possible, the power of the U-boat.

His first concern, quite obviously, is the German army, which has lost so many of its best divisions in Russia and is now forced to defend a longer front than ever before.

How carefully he is now husbanding his strength is shown by the fact that there are no more Stalingrads, that the prestige of the mad Fuehrer no longer justifies the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of good men in a hopeless military position.

Ever since Stalingrad Hitler's armies have been fighting rear-guard actions, but have withdrawn when they knew they were beaten. Russian communiqués no longer announce huge numbers of prisoners

Sacrificing Arms

They do not speak either of a rout in any one sector, because German generals are now anxious to save as many men as possible, and prefer to leave supplies of arms and ammunition behind rather than lose valuable man-power.

But the tactics of the German army in the East are only one sign that Hitler is very much concerned with the problem of retaining an army fit to fight the decisive battles of this war.

He seems to have learned one lesson from the Russians and to be training, even in the hour of his biggest disaster, new regiments and divisions in the rear.

His big drive to extract the last ounce of strength from the German people coincides significantly with the reappearance of many German generals on the scene.

Men like Field-Marshal Kleist, who was believed dead, tank expert Guderian, once reported in disfavour, Barons Weichs, Leeb and List are now mentioned again after a long pause.

They belong to those German generals who have taken a prominent part in building up the original Wehrmacht. If they are now being promoted and decorated it is not for their activities on the field of battle

Recalled Generals

These men are Hitler's generals of the next phase of the war, and experience had taught us to suspect large units of German troops wherever these generals turn up.

The Wehrmacht, surely, will have to put water into its wine.

New divisions will not be of first-class quality or of the old strength. Some 8,000 to 10,000 men will have to try to do what 12,000 to 15,000 did three years ago.

Panzer divisions will be fortunate to command over 250 tanks where they previously used 450.

But still we should not underrate the signs and portents of the new mobilisation movement.

Even after the terrific losses, even with 4,000,000 dead and as many incapacitated, Germany will still be able to put an army of over 7,000,000 men into the field.

Not the "invincible Wehrmacht" of yore, but still a hard nut to crack.

Goering himself has admitted that the strength of the *Luftwaffe* is being conserved

He knows that invasion of the Continent can more easily be accomplished if the United Nations are able to establish a definite superiority in the air.

We must take heed of his strategy.

In the long run, no doubt, the United Nations can easily outproduce the Axis in the air. But Goering's refusal to provide adequate fighter protection for German cities should serve us as a warning.

The Luftwaffe

Even the skill of the R.A.F. would not have sufficed to bring a strong force back from a heavy raid on Bremen without the loss of a single 'plane if the *Luftwaffe* had gone all out to defend the important port.

The same applies to the reluctance of the *Luftwaffe* to fight over the Continent, the relative modesty of its efforts in Russia, and the lack of air support from which the U-boat campaign has recently suffered.

Except for great activity in Africa the *Luftwaffe* is mysteriously missing on all other fronts.

But we know the solution of that mystery, and once we have located the missing squadrons in their secret hangars, in repair shops and factories, we shall get a more accurate estimate of the *Luftwaffe's* strength

It is not beaten yet. It is regrouping, repairing, resting machines and crews for the Big Battle of Europe.

If the German army and air force need careful investigation to avoid miscalculations, Hitler's naval intentions and potentialities are hardly a secret.

By appointing U-boat expert Doenitz to the supreme command of the Nazi navy and placing all its resources "at the disposal of intensified U-boat warfare," Hitler has indicated the course he intends to take.

He is convinced that his U-boats are playing the decisive rôle in the war just now.

U-Boat Hopes

Doenitz is expected not only to starve Britain into surrender or force her to make a compromise peace, but chiefly to prevent the United Nations from concentrating their forces for the offensive.

His threat is that he will sink such quantities of supplies on the high seas that Allied offensive operations will be seriously blunted.

The enemy's energy, cunning and resourcefulness are entirely devoted to the development of U-boat warfare, the improvement of tactics, production of more submarines, and the training of crews.

A submarine fleet of 500 boats and a production able to replace Allied sinkings is Hitler's aim. That, he thinks, is his strongest card in a losing game.

What does it all amount to?

Hitler's factories are geared to an all-out production effort. Men are being trained for the three services. Germany is racing against time to recover from the blows she has suffered.

Not Enough

But it looks as if the result of this frantic activity will be insufficient.

Counted in months, weeks or even days in which he must make his recovery, and the rapid extension of his fronts, it seems as if his sands are running out.

In local sectors he will still be able to mass his forces. He can, if he decides, still hit out in new offensives. He may launch a blitz from the air here or there.

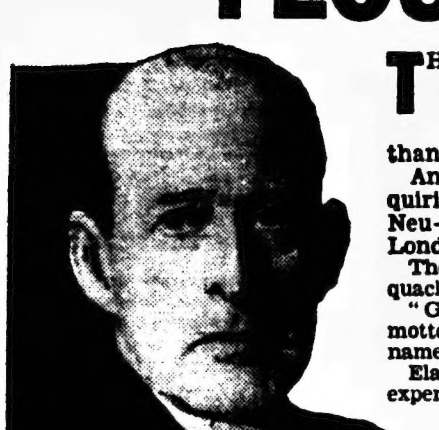
But when, as they probably soon will, the big blows begin to fall on the Fortress of Europe, it will prove that Hitler's best will not be good enough.

His greatest effort will be too small; the best he can achieve will come too late.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

QUACKS AND BLUFFERS FLOURISHING



Mr. H. Lightfoot Eason, President of the General Medical Council, should seek more power to stop these shameless rackets

THE war is making no appreciable difference to the incomes of people who specialise in bluffing the public.

Some are making bigger profits than ever.

An investigator has just completed inquiries about a most active concern called Neu-Vita, Ltd., of Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

The whole thing is about the worst kind of quackery I have ever come across.

"Good Health is Your Right!" is the business motto of Neu-Vita, Ltd., which is run by a man named Leonard Russell Lacy.

Elaborate printed matter suggests that its experts possess the most up-to-date and vital knowledge concerning all ocular matters, and that people will be quite safe to entrust even the worst eye troubles to their care.

Mr. Lacy and his associates do not believe in the use of spectacles as a remedy or help for eye disorders.

I will not waste space by going into any of the extraordinary statements and claims made by Mr. Lacy, except to say that in my opinion it is scandalous that the General Medical Council should not have more power to stop their widespread circulation.

Applicants have only to send to Mr. Lacy a postal diagnosis of their cases. Then they are asked to buy a Neu-Vita Oculizer for use according to instructions.

Numerous people have paid large fees to this company in return for "advice" of questionable value, if not quite useless.

And, apart from the fact that Mr. Lacy does not himself possess any medical qualifications, his sole headquarters at Southwark are very small and congested.

This Neu-Vita concern is the outcome, I find, of a notorious body known previously as the Neu-Vita Health Association, which in a similar way offered treatment by post for deafness as well as for eye trouble.

And in some cases people were warned, in really frightening terms, that if they neglected to resort to the Neu-Vita treatment they stood in danger of becoming blind or even of becoming insane as the result of head noises!

Dangerous Ground

People who suffered from deafness, lung diseases, and even consumption were informed that, by resorting to the Neu-Vita treatment, they would be able to cure themselves *without medical aid*!

It is now claimed for the "Oculizer" that it can cure even cataract.

Before he concentrated on this dangerous form of business Mr. Leonard Russell Lacy was a wholesale chemists' sundriesman and a patent medicine vendor in a small way.

Then there are the touring quacks.

One who is very busily operating at present is a certain "Specialist L. Berry," who was recently giving advice in his "consulting and treatment rooms" at Rose Crescent, Perth.

His clients are found by advertisements crammed with misleading statements. Some of them allude to "permanent remedies," and ought never to be allowed to get into print at all.

Although he is now careful not to use the word "Cure," this man Berry, who is quite unrecognised in medical circles and is not a "specialist" in the sense in which the word is clearly intended to imply, suggests that he can put an end to such afflictions as rheumatism, nerve disorders, obesity, neuritis and foot or leg ailments.

Unfortunately, he is only one of an army of such people who tour from town to town, charging in some cases outrageous fees for services they have not the slightest medical skill to perform.

Let me now turn from quacks to some of the other rackets about which I've made inquiries.

Charming Girls

From an office in the City of London a concern called the Executive Bureau is sending attractive canvassers about seeking subscriptions for various magazines.

The girls say they are seeking votes to enable them to compete for a certain scholarship campaign, and that the more orders they get the more votes they are likely to be awarded.

Actually, the whole business is a clever sales racket organised by a man named Douglas James, of Farleigh House, Laurence Lane, London, E.C.2.

One of the charming young aspirants for the scholarship is his wife, who has lately been very busily canvassing under several different names!

Talking of magazines, there are ample reasons why the advertising managers of small local newspapers should be specially on the look-out just at present for firms which offer dirty literature through the medium of disguised announcements.

A soldier home from service in the Middle East recently found his young son in possession of printed matter setting forth titles and prices of all kinds of suggestive books.

The distributors, Dane and Company, of Whitechapel, Liverpool, are old hands at this objectionable kind of trade, and now seem more active than ever.

Money in Advance

Quite a number of so-called wine merchants and salesmen of substitute poultry food, are busy, too, offering goods in short supply. I strongly warn readers not to send money in advance to any whose names are not known to them.

Before me I have the complaint of a reader who unwisely sent £60 to a chance advertiser for poultry food which has never been supplied.

My inquiries reveal that he is only one of numerous people who did likewise but have received nothing in return.

In some cases such advertisers start off with genuine intentions, but find that war conditions hamper them. Then, when the money they have had is demanded back, it is often not available.

There was nothing genuine, however, in the intentions of Mr. Frank J. White, of Bilsington, near Ashford, Kent, who some time ago advertised the sale of "lots" of fruit and demanded payment for it before it was even grown!

His scheme was an obvious ramp from the start, and, though I strongly advised readers not to part with their cash, thousands of people answered the advertisements and forwarded money.

White opened banking accounts in different parts of the country, and, in all, raked in something like £6,000 from people who thought they were ensuring supplies in advance from the crops of fruit White said he was growing in his orchards.

When, oh! When?

White, whose real name is E. Hamilton Hargreaves, has been repeatedly exposed in JOHN BULL for various frauds, and has been to penal servitude. At the Old Bailey last week he was again sent to prison for his latest escapade.

When *will* people learn the folly of sending money in advance to firms and individuals whose only guarantee of integrity lies in the language of their advertisements or in the promises they make in their circulars and literature?

Once again let me say: "If in doubt, write to JOHN BULL about it."

But do so *before* you part with any money.

A TALL DARK ROGUE

BEFORE entering into negotiations to rent or purchase a house, people should be completely satisfied by investigation about the credentials of anyone they deal with.

Numerous complaints have been made to Scotland Yard about a number of touring rogues who, posing as house agents or property owners, are robbing house-seekers of large sums.

Worst of them all is a tall, dark, sleek crook of 40, with a string of aliases that include the surnames of Saville, Armstrong, Terry and Sullivan. With a batch of mythical houses for sale he recently made over £400 from three victims in one district alone.

People in London, Manchester, Dundee, Cambridge and Guildford have been duped recently.

So be on your guard against him and many others who are emulating his slick methods.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. N. S. Ainsworth, Glencoe Road, Stoke, Coventry, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information. Readers are invited to write about any scandal or ramp requiring inquiry or comment. Address, Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WILL BEVIN SOLVE THE SERVANT PROBLEM?

● After getting his Catering Bill through Parliament, Ernest Bevin plans a "Domestic Servants' Charter." He is credited with the intention of making domestic service an attractive calling.

The best example was to be found in Scandinavia, where the women we call "servants" were regarded as members of the family and where housework was regarded almost as one of the professions.

After the last war, Danish and Swedish girls came here to do the housework against which many of our own young women rebelled after their experiences in the factories.

Naturally, they still wanted their evenings off. They would not tolerate the uncomfortable rooms in which they had to sleep.

Surely it is time that we all understood that domestic service is as important as nursing, that the household's comfort and peace of mind depends upon it, and that houseworkers, so far from being regarded as drudges, should have an honourable place in the community.

SHOULD SOLDIERS UNDERSTAND POLITICS?

● "I am not interested in politics," said General Giraud, excusing himself when having to face the consequences of choosing Darlan as his power behind the lines, and then, when Darlan was shot, nominating Peyrouton as his successor.

He should have taken a lesson from the attitude of our own generals, in such a case. Montgomery showed this when, entering Tripoli, he told the Mayor, "Get rid of all the Fascists and then carry on."

Although we often accuse our own military chiefs of stupidity, the fact is that, compared with soldiers belonging to most other nations, they are experienced in such things as how to handle "natives."

When our Eighth Army crossed Libya, Cyrenaica and Etruria and marched on, it had in its ranks all sorts of officers used to living in Moslem countries.

Some spoke Arabic. They showed great friendliness to the local populations.

The North African problem is not one of "politics." It is a matter of common-sense.

CAN DISTRIBUTION PROBLEMS BE SOLVED?

● Although everyone agrees that, in the main, we are being well fed and that grumbles are rare, women who wander out of their own area often return with tales of things seen in shops that they have been unable to obtain locally for weeks.

This is, of course, true.

On the other hand, distribution has improved almost every month that the war has lasted.

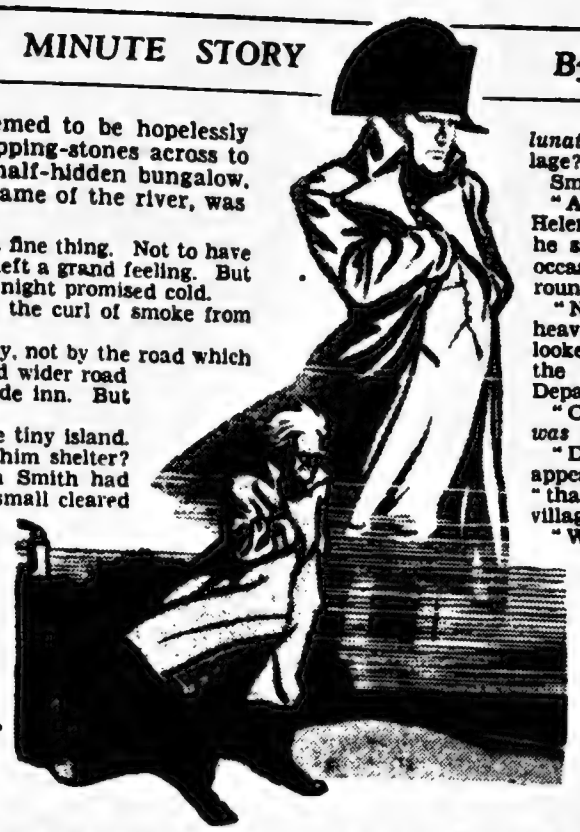
Few understand the extent to which the population is moving about. It is almost impossible to arrange supplies so that they can keep pace with this.

Now that the blitz has almost stopped for months past, except in some coastal areas where they have tip-and-run raids, people are apt to forget that, considering we are still in a life-and-death struggle, we have been fed almost miraculously.

We are certainly much better off than they are in North Africa, which, until recent months, was supplying France with food. Now, we and America have to send it dried milk among other things.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

By WILL SCOTT



TWO GIANTS PASS BY INCOGNITO

By the end of the day Smith seemed to be hopelessly lost. There was a river and stepping-stones across to a tiny island with trees and a half-hidden bungalow, but where it all was, even the name of the river, was beyond Smith.

Freedom from the everyday round was a fine thing. Not to have to do this and that when the clock struck left a grand feeling. But the day was near its end and the coming night promised cold.

There was something very satisfying in the curl of smoke from the half-hidden bungalow.

Smith looked back. Perhaps a mile away, not by the road which had brought him here, but by another and wider road to the left, was the high sign of a wayside inn. But Smith was weary.

He crossed by the stepping-stones to the tiny island. Perhaps if he explained they would give him shelter?

A track led through bushes, and when Smith had climbed the path he found himself in a small cleared space where a seat formed from a fallen trunk faced the distant estuary. And on the seat sat a little old man.

The little old man showed no surprise at seeing Smith. He said, in a gentle voice:

"Do you come to offer me my freedom?"

Which wasn't what Smith was expecting, and left him with nothing to say.

"It is too late," the little old man added.

"Too late?" echoed Smith, who had to say something.

"Everything is too long ago," said the little old man. "I am past caring. I am too old and too ill. The wings of the eagle are clipped."

HE stood, falteringly, his hands clasped behind his back, his neck sunk on his chest, his feet far apart. He stared at the last lines of daylight which ribbed the sky.

"The English," he said suddenly, "treat me like a pickpocket. I am no better than a convict. Oh, I know that I shall never leave this island now. It is all over. I am resigned. St. Helena is to be my grave."

There was a rustling in the trees behind Smith, although no wind rippled the surface of the river. When he looked round a girl was watching him.

"Oh!" said the girl.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Smith.

She was twenty or so, lovely to look at, but with a shadow on her face which twenty should not have known.

"This is—this is private land," she said.

"I did not know," said Smith. "I saw the stepping-stones . . ."

The girl glanced beyond Smith to where the little old man stood looking across the water.

"Has he been talking?" she asked.

"About how the English do not understand him and will keep him here on St. Helena to the end," said Smith.

"Yes. . . ." A sad smile crossed the girl's face. "You understand?"

"Many things," said Smith.

"He's as harmless as a kitten," said the girl. "He's quite happy here really—in his last little kingdom. It is very sad. You are the first one to find out. I am careful not to let him talk to strangers. In the village they think only that he is an invalid—old and very tired, having to be left alone. Nobody else has ever known the truth."

Smith was silent.

"He had a great career once," the girl explained. "He was brilliant. He cannot remember now."

"And you?" said Smith.

"I am his granddaughter. He has nobody else."

She came closer to Smith.

"I want you to make me a promise. There's—there's no reason why you should."

Smith waited.

"I want you to promise never to tell anybody. You see, so long as they only think him old and ill they will keep away. But if they . . . *knew*, there would be prying eyes. The boys from the village would come to the bank and jeer. They would make him very unhappy. . . . If you would promise never to tell."

"Of course," said Smith.

"Thank you," said the girl. "I am sorry I cannot ask you to stay. But—there is nothing."

"I understand," said Smith.

The girl touched the little old man on the arm and he turned obediently and followed her. He did not seem to know that Smith was there.

"You have promised," said the girl.

Smith bowed.

"Thank you again. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Smith.

The girl and the little old man passed out of Smith's sight through the trees towards the half-hidden bungalow.

A smile spread slowly across Smith's face. He retrod the stepping-stones and from the river bank turned into the broad lane to the left. The smile was still on his face when he came to the inn a mile away, the inn with the high sign.

There was a long black car in front of the inn. At the sight of it a frown replaced the smile on Smith's face, but after a moment the smile returned.

Smith entered the inn.

A HEAVY man and a ginger man were leaning against the counter, talking to the landlord. As Smith went in they looked round and the heavy man sighed.

"So this is where you are?" he said. "Blimee! You've led us a dance. Where've you *been*?"

Smith laughed.

"St. Helena," he said.

"Oh, yeah?" sniffed the heavy man. "Havin' a little chat with Napoleon Bonaparte, eh?"

"As a matter of fact," said Smith, "yes."

The landlord spread his hands on the counter and a look of alarm crept across his face.

"D'yer mean . . . You don't mean a *lunatic*? Wot—'ere in the village? Tell me!"

Smith stuck out his chest.

"A talk with Napoleon on St. Helena is an historic occasion," he said, "and I think such an occasion calls for champagne all round."

"Nothing doing," said the heavy man. And when Smith looked at him: "Don't forget the conference at the State Department to-night."

"Of course," said Smith. "I *was* forgetting."

"Does he mean," the landlord appealed to the ginger man, "that there's somebody in the village here who's *barmy*?

"We'd better get along," said the heavy man. "The coach is at the door."

Smith nodded, went to the door and paused.

"There was one thing I couldn't understand," he said. "Bonaparte never recognised *me*."

And he followed the heavy man out to the car.

"If there's somebody in this village who's crackers——" said the landlord.

"Ferget it!" said the ginger man, going to the door.

"I reckon we've a right to know," grumbled the landlord. "Might be dangerous."

"He's making it up," said the ginger man.

"Making it up?"

The ginger man tapped his forehead.

"How d'yer mean?" said the landlord. "Something wrong?"

"No need to worry," said the ginger man. "'E's as 'armless as a kitten. Wouldn't 'urt a fly. Only, you see, 'e 'appens to think 'e's the Dook o' Wellin'ton."

"Ah!" said the landlord. "I thought 'e meant there was somebody *'ere* wot was bats."

"Makes it all up," said the ginger man. "Dook 'o Wellin'ton, you see."

"Ah," said the landlord.

"Talk about a life," said the ginger man. "'E don't 'alf keep us on the 'op. Oh, well—suppose we'd better get 's Grace back to London an' put 'im to bed. So long."

Ignorance

REGARDING most matters, I can only say, "Don't ask me. I don't know." I really don't.

And I like it.

I have known the City of London for more than thirty years, but until the other afternoon I had never seen Aldgate Pump. I have never seen a state opening of Parliament. I have never seen the Derby.

It's nice!

I have never been to Scotland. I have never seen the New Year in at St. Paul's.

★ ★ ★

It gives me a nice comfortable feeling.

Don't think that my head's empty. It's very full of a whole lot of peculiar things.

Once, of course, like everybody else, I knew nothing. Bit by bit I found out. I gathered this and gathered that.

I can still vividly remember my first day in London. I often think about it; live it over again. And the thrill of my first Boat Race is still clearly with me.

And the thrill of my first successful year with a tiny bit of garden.

Finding out, getting to know, has been such an important thing with me that seeing Aldgate Pump for the first time the other afternoon was one of the big moments of my life.

And there are so many things left for me that if I live to be a hundred I shall always find something thrilling in life.

Most men of my age who live within an hour or so of London can never look forward to their first Derby. Many can never again know their first thrill at seeing a state opening of Parliament, or the dawn of a New Year at St. Paul's.

I can.

★ ★ ★

Asparagus, like the Lake District, is still ahead of me. But already I don't doubt that they are both beginning to bore most of my friends.

It's nice not to know, so long as you want to know and mean to know.

Most men of my age know all they want to know, and for the rest of their lives their only use to themselves and their families is as earners of daily bread. A dull prospect! There is so much I don't know that the future is simply packed with pleasant surprises.

There's another thing. I know so little about so much that I'm *quite safe*.

It's the men who know it all who are dangerous. They are either (a) a menace to their fellow-men, or (b) dull.

Or, just now and again, like Hitler, both.

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

ENDLESS QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

In all the history of mankind there is probably no one thing that has been pursued so assiduously and with such grim determination as happiness.

It has always been for mankind the elusive Blue Bird.

All seek it. Few seem to find it.

It seems to deny entirely the truth, obvious in most other ways, that we may attain to what we will if only we go after it with sufficient determination.

Yet it only *seems* to deny that truth; it does not really do so.

The fallacy is not that we cannot attain happiness by trying, only that we so rarely understand how to try.

Professor Joad puts it very neatly in one of his books: "The road to happiness is not direct, but roundabout, and much as we may desire it we may not go straight to what we desire.

". . . Set out to seek happiness and it will elude you.

"Throw yourself body and soul into your work, devote yourself to some cause, lift yourself up out of the selfish pit of vanity and desire by giving yourself to something which is greater than self, and on looking back you will find that you have been happy."

Happiness, in fact, is not an end in itself. It is not a clear-cut goal at which to aim.

It is something that comes unbidden as a by-product of activity.

Just as right action results from right thinking, so right feeling springs from right action—and happiness is only a name that we give to that right feeling.

And you don't have to do mighty deeds to get that right feeling. All you have to do is—your duty.

Do what comes to hand. Do it well.

Army's Misfits Transformed

★ MAURICE FAGENCE takes you this week to a section of the Army that will be a revelation to most people. In one of the most enlightened experiments of the war men are being helped to perfect fitness almost magically—and they enjoy it!

I'VE just been to a barracks where some soldiers, at least, want to stay for ever—for they've told me so.

Where physical training instructors are lionised and sergeant-majors have a let-me-be-your-father air.

Where officers address their men as "lads," and yet discipline is well-nigh perfect.

Parents write to that place thanking the staff "for the miracles you have done for my boy."

And the staff always replies—as solicitously as if it were running a £30-a-week clinic!

But don't apply for a transfer.

You'll never get there unless your unit medical officer picks you out as a special case, and you Command Physical Medicine Specialist duly confirms.

Then it is good-bye to normal Army life for eight weeks. You and the Army just become good friends and colleagues in the not unimportant task of getting you absolutely normal.

The place is called a Physical Development Centre.

The name suggests a place of hard, gruelling exercises to blow out your biceps and give you the chest of a gorilla.

It is nothing of the sort.

Here goes the lad who was denied good or sufficient food in civilian life, and whose body is under-nourished in consequence.

And the physically under-developed boy whose body wilted in a slum.

Some recruits, while fit enough to be passed for some kind of service, need only slight treatment to make them fighting stalwarts

From B2 to A1

Men, too, with a wide variety of malformations and disabilities which have made them A2, B1 and B2 when, with those minor defects removed, they are a good, hearty A1.

Some of these malformations and disabilities are the result of the work the men did in civilian life.

A few have definitely been caused by unsuitable Army training, and the Army didn't mind admitting to me that that was so.

There was a victim of the type of drill sergeant who wants you to crash your feet on the parade-ground till the whole square echoes. The arches of his feet had broken down in consequence.

Be it known that the Army does *not* consider that type of drill sergeant at all clever, and is, indeed, striving to abolish his type.

There were lads who, when standing to attention, had been ordered to pull their shoulders back until they were uncomfortable.

And so they had developed an entirely wrong stance, in which the natural curve of the spine, which enables you to carry big loads with ease, is imperilled.

Still, victims of wrong training are but a tiny fraction of the thousands who pass through this centre.

You'll find there men who have been spoiled by their mothers.

Although they are sent, primarily, as a result of physical deficiencies arising from such spoiling, the mental and psychological harm ensuing is undone as well.

There was a boy who cried all through his first nine nights in the Army.

He might have become a barrack-room butt if something hadn't been done about it.

Another had had everything done for him by his mother—washing, combing his hair, putting on his collar and tie, and even giving him a bath.

Not Mother's Darling

I saw one lad who, on joining the centre, was pining to be near his mother—couldn't co-operate with his instructors while she was so far away.

It took little more than a month to turn all three into good, strapping, healthy-minded, independent chaps who would clout you for six if you suggested they were mothers' darlings.

While at the centre they are never told what harm mother has done them. All they know is that they are there to be "graded up" physically.

They just find themselves becoming fond of "tough guys" and amusedly cynical of over-mothering. Looking after themselves becomes just automatic.

The Little Tricks

And they never know that the officers and instructors at the centre have schemed to make them like that—holding joint conferences in their own leisure time to try one little trick after another until they work out a cure.

While I was there one of the men who had pined to be near his mother and had put in an application for a transfer with that in view, was asked by an officer: "You put in for a transfer, lad. How do you feel about it now?"

"Oh, I'm all right, sir," he said with a good, wide grin. "I'd rather you didn't bother about it."

The officer told me in an aside: "Come to the gym. later and see that lad's body. Perfect! But it will frighten his mother. He's already badgering the instructor to put the gloves on with him."

First lad in a row of new arrivals—a finely made lad, 6 ft. 4 in. high—had one hip higher than the other. The doctor spotted it at once without looking at his papers.

Since leaving school he had been driving a steam-roller with a canopy too low for him, which meant stooping for eight hours a day while bouncing over rough roads!

He'll spend much of his time at the centre lying on a mat and crawling round in a circle in a never-ending effort to catch up with his own toes.

That will make him straight.

"And get that canopy put right, lad, when you get back to civilian life," the officer told him.

Some lads have bent spines, others malformed shoulder blades, still more foot troubles of a variety of sorts. All amenable to treatment, so far as can be judged.

They are all set remedial exercises—specially devised for them, in many cases—and, if they need it, special appliances.

I saw a roomful of them reading thrillers in bed while healing rays were being poured on the affected parts.

A row of them sat reading with their bare feet perched on two metal bars.

Every time a big pendulum swung to the left a current passed through their feet, tugging the toes towards the heels and exercising their tired muscles without any conscious effort on their part.

Rare Failures

As a result, more than 78 per cent. of them are up-graded—eight in every ten of them to A1.

You'll see hundreds of them together carrying on with their individual remedial exercises—and they need no ordering either, because they know it will do them good.

They've had men here afraid to roll on the floor—afraid to climb up a 6-ft. high ramp.

It is no sign of general cowardice. It may have arisen from unfortunate childhood experiences, or a hesitancy to do anything for the first time, or countless other causes.

They are not bullied out of such fears. They just disappear—and they don't always know how.

But I do. I know something that goes on in those nightly staff conferences.

I know that encouraging a man to pal up with the right type of friend can transform him in some cases.

Praise accomplishes a lot—and understanding even more.

A staff that knows more than a little about the human body and mind will try everything before they admit failure, and failure, in consequence, is comparatively rare.

S O S—PAPER

SLACKNESS in some quarters is undermining salvage at a moment when it is more vital than ever in the drive for victory.

Every scrap of metal and rubber is needed—**and particularly paper.**

Strange though it may seem, there are still people who don't realise how important paper is in this war.

More and more R.A.F. equipment is now being made from laminated plastic materials, which consist of layers of paper impregnated with a synthetic resin.

After being subjected to special processes of heat and pressure the result is a material both light and durable.

It may be used to fashion a pilot's seat or an instrument panel. It may serve for electrical insulation or provide various parts of telephone apparatus.

The demand is constantly growing. Hence the need for more waste paper.

Yet some folk have allowed themselves to grow careless at this very crucial moment. It must be the inflexible rule everywhere to save every scrap.

PROBLEM O… AND TH…

By HUMANIST

THE Commandment which forbi… killing is short and emphati… but the Christian Churc… which accepts warfare as right i… certain circumstances, makes n… such concession regarding self… destruction.

"Human lives are cheap in time o… war," *writes a correspondent,* **"an… suicides are frequently reported in th… daily papers. In Britain the law co… siders suicide a crime.**

"What I wish to know is whether thi… law is based on the Christian creed. I… so, I should like to know any passage… in the Bible which refer to suicide.

"Was Judas cast into outer darkne… because he took his life, or because h… betrayed his Master?

"Members of our discussion groups ar… always interested in your page, an… would be grateful for your opinion o… this subject, which we have recently bee… discussing."

I don't pose as an authority, but m… own feeling is that the punishment o… Judas was the consequence of his be… trayal. His remorse was so intense tha… suicide appeared to be the inevitable cul… mination. In fact, I have heard peopl… say it was the only "decent" thing t… do.

The general who makes a bad blunde… and throws away thousands of lives t… no purpose probably feels the same. Ye… suicide is a mortal sin and a great crime…

It is a difficult problem, and I should… be interested to know what others think…

I receive many letters from clergymen… about my problems. Perhaps some o… them will enlighten us on the whol… question?

MORE immediate is the worry of … situation which confronts a woman… reader.

"I am in a quandary," *she writes,* **"and would like to ask you the best way… to straighten things out.**

"Many years ago I adopted a baby boy… who is now serving in the Navy. His… mother had a girl about a year after the… boy, and I arranged for her to be adopted… by a great friend of mine. This girl is… now in the Wrens.

"Unfortunately, these two young… people have met and become great… friends. My adopted son wants to bring… her home, but neither of them has a… suspicion that they are half-brother and… sister. I am terribly worried. Will you… please tell me what I ought to do?"

It is clear that marriage is out of the… question, and the young people will have… to be told the reason. Apparently, they… don't even know that they are adopted.

It may be inadvisable to tell young… children that they are adopted, but when… they reach their 'teens the truth should… be told to prevent complications which… are sure to arise later on.

One hopes that this friendship has not… gone far enough to be real love. If it… has, they will both suffer heartaches… that might have been prevented.

But there is no doubt about the line of… duty: the truth must be told at once.

A YOUNG man asks whether certain… people are constitutionally un… suited for marriage.

"I ask the question," *he explains,* **"because although I am in my late… 'twenties I have not the slightest desire… to marry. My home is happy and com… fortable, and my earnings are sufficient… for me to follow most of my whims in… moderation.**

"My friends include several girls of… varying ages and degrees of attractive-

UICIDE … DD MA…

If you are in doubt … manist, at 93, Lon… ndon, W.C.2. You… ive a guinea if your… oted on this page (w… course, giving your…

I get along very well… often seek my compan… bored.

Yet I have never suggest… oughts of intimacy fill… bordering on revulsion.… have been told that my… nsible for making me… at home. Cynics tell me… w, but I'm not so sure… your opinion on a su… lies me a good deal."

…e normal man in h… rally wants a mate. H… most comfortable home… he still wants her. He… y till he finds her.

…e may not be altogether… oes find her, but he wou… rable with her than mi… her.

…young man who experi… of distaste—even revul… destined for bache… d be a shame to spoil t… he a lucky fellow? No…

…AVE dealt rather briefl… problems because I wa… little space for mentio… h has been sent t… rica. (Don't worry: I… mending it.)

…seems that a distingu… been making an investig… what young people i… y want to know.

…housands of students i… s sent him lists of qu… thing that strikes me … all "Humanist" proble… e read more than 100 p… out discovering any qu… not been submitted to …

JOHN BULL.

…ey want to have scien… in "the facts of life… "not so much about … ers," about the best ap… about choosing a partn… acing" of the family,… nce by in-laws, and al… e problems.

…ne student wants to kn… are in love with a girl,… fall in love with you! … have been asked that … if I could answer it s… ve I could make a fort…

READ…

…OD Control committ… many districts are st… ely an unwarrantable… ters which are of vita… . Davis, Canvey Islan…

★ ★

…housands of acres of … in the ground all ov… se there is no labou… y call to the growers f… then let them rot?… nburgh.

★ ★

…ompulsory cookery less… part of post-war educ… ocate. Bad cookery s… lth.—Mrs. D. M. Q., T…

WIN £100 F…

UICIDE LAW DD MAN

If you are in doubt write to manist, at 93, Long Acre, ndon, W.C.2. You will re- ive a guinea if your letter is oted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

I get along very well with them. often seek my company and never bored.
Yet I have never suggested marriage oughts of intimacy fill me with dis- bordering on revulsion.
have been told that my parents are nsible for making me too comfort- at home. Cynics tell me I'm a lucky , but I'm not so sure. I should your opinion on a subject which es me a good deal."

e normal man in his 'twenties rally wants a mate. He may have most comfortable home in the world, he still wants her. He will not be y till he finds her.
may not be altogether happy when oes find her, but he would rather be rable with her than miserable with- her.
young man who experiences a feel- of distaste—even revulsion—is obvi- destined for bachelorhood. It d be a shame to spoil two lives.
he a lucky fellow? Not a bit of it.

AVE dealt rather briefly with three problems because I want to steal a little space for mentioning a book h has been sent to me from rica. (Don't worry: I am not re- mending it.)
seems that a distinguished doctor been making an investigation to find what young people in the U.S.A. y want to know.
housands of students in the univer- s sent him lists of questions, and thing that strikes me is that they all "Humanist" problems.
e read more than 100 pages of them out discovering any question which not been submitted to me by readers OHN BULL.
ey want to have scientific instruc- in "the facts of life," and (says "not so much about the bees and ers," about the best age for marry- about choosing a partner, about the acing" of the family, about inter- nce by in-laws, and about pre-mar- e problems.
ne student wants to know how, when are in love with a girl, you can make fall in love with you!
have been asked that question, too. if I could answer it satisfactorily I eve I could make a fortune!!

WORK on a minesweeper isn't all concerned with killing floating dynamite. Telegraphist C. D. Robinson, writing to his wife at Cochrane Park Avenue, Newcastle, describes some of the other jobs:

Life in a small ship with its cramped accommodation and lack of sea stability is not all beer and skittles.

From being the average husband, completely ignorant of household duties, I have gradually become the complete housewife. Behold me darning socks, sewing a fine seam and acting as a Chinese laundryman!

And as we prepare our own meals I am now perfectly at home in our kitchen. I am a dab at stews or puddings. At potato-peeling or dishwashing I'm champion.

Then as caterer I have to budget for and purchase supplies for fourteen men, working on a fixed allowance. My catering budget needs a bit of balancing, and there are times when it topples!

I hope that all this news about my newly acquired domestic prowess impresses you, but don't have an apron waiting for me on my next leave!!

P.C.—As a sideline I do a spot of "barbering."

NEVER SAY DIE!

There are more ways than one of dealing with a 'bus breakdown, as Cpt. E. T. Leaper, Royal Engineers, explains, in a letter from India, to his mother at Southend-on-Sea:

The trip by 'bus was fifty miles, and the 'bus was a relic of a bygone age. We started off well and had gone about thirty miles when the petrol pipe leading to the carburretor broke. The driver had no ideas, and I did not fancy spending the night on the mountain-side.

So I suggested that we collected all the water bottles from the passengers, fill them with petrol, take off the carburettor and have the 'bus boy (conductor) sit on the wing of the 'bus, pouring in the petrol as we went along.

. . . It worked for about ten miles at slow speed. Then as the driver was changing gear we backfired and caught the petrol alight.

I did not feel too comfortable sitting next to the driver. The boy on the wing jumped off as if he had been shot.

However, we put the fire out and coaxed the old 'bus into action again. We crawled along to our destination, arriving about four hours late.

PLEASANT SURPRISE

Going 400 miles to do some repairs is nothing much when you can fly there—but L.A.C. C. W. Parker and a pal in the R.A.F. out East had a pleasant surprise at their destination. He writes to friends at Geneva Road, Darlington:

Saturday was a joy-day. At 6 a.m. two of us boarded a 'plane with a box of tools, and two hours later landed at a town 400 miles away.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

However, the job we were sent to do did not materialise, so as we were not due to return until 4 p.m. we had time to see the sights of the town.

We saw real grass growing for the first time in months. Iced drinks under the trees, and lashings of tea were welcome. Then we boarded the twin-engined "kite," which took us back "home" again, where we landed at 6 p.m.

Thus we had been away twelve hours, had covered 800 miles, and had spent eight hours in ——, like Cook's tourists. A very pleasant day.

RED TRIANGLE

A tribute to the Y.M.C.A. comes from P.O. W. Edgar, serving in North Africa. He writes to his uncle at North Square, Dorchester:

Fruit is plentiful and cheap, but the local cigarettes are terrible. Fortunately, the Y.M.C.A. has established a hut on the shore and provide us with English fare and the "gaspers" we like.

It is surprising how these people follow the Services into the most unlikely places. The old Red Triangle sign is a welcome sight for tired eyes, and brings us just that homely touch that makes all the difference.

NICE DAY

In all the four corners of the earth are British men in the Forces, and wherever they are, they act up to the traditions of their race, and talk about the weather!

"No rain for a year, and then a cloudburst!" writes L.A.C. T. Thomas, serving with the R.A.F. in South Africa, to his mother at Evering Road, London, N.16:

This part of the country is called the "land of forgotten men," but it is not as bad as all that. Our main trouble is the continuous sunshine, month after month. What wouldn't we give to see a grey sky and a good old-fashioned London fog.

Last night we had rain for the first time for over a year. This country never does anything by halves, and this was a cloudburst. The deluge of rain was so heavy that we could not get across to the canteen, fifteen yards away, so we stayed in the hut and talked about—— the weather!

SHY ENEMY

Serving with the Merchant Navy, Radio Officer L. Morgan describes some minor excitements at sea in a letter to friends at Darlington:

During the last few hours we've had a bit of fun. The aircraft alarm-bell went and we all jumped to action stations ready to have a bang at Jerry.

You never know whether he will appear from under the sea, or in the sky above. This time it was an aeroplane, which appeared about three miles away, and it kept us on the alert for about an hour, when it disappeared without making an attack.

Later that day we sighted a suspicious-looking vessel about fifteen miles away, and again we went to action stations. But she came no nearer, and at dusk she disappeared. We got to port without any "trouble" developing.

Off duty moments in North Africa. What's in the kitty—eggs or lemons?

JUST AS "J.B." SAID

Cheerfulness of the front line troops is reflected in a letter from Dvr. H. Barton, R.A.S.C., M.E.F., in a letter to his mother at Forge House, Manston Village, Ramsgate:

Some time ago JOHN BULL described the work of the R.A.S.C., and told how we take the infantry right up to Jerry's lines. That is just what we have been doing this last week, and we have had plenty of excitement!

Jerry is in full flight, but he pauses at times and throws back at us everything he has got. We get through, though, with our job, rest, and then go on again, giving *him* very little rest.

The other morning after a very hectic night in action, a Y.M.C.A. motor canteen drove up, and each man got a packet of cigarettes and a bar of chocolate. That's what I call service!

That evening our cooks excelled themselves. We had bully stew, potatoes, green peas, beetroot, plum-duff, two oranges and a mug of tea.

A proper Lord's Mayor's banquet, compared with some of the snack meals we have been having. Hope everybody at home is as cheery as we are out here. Cheerio!

THE TABLES TURNED

HOW does it feel, Mr. Hitler, to have all the tables turned? To try to curry favour with those you so recently spurned? To look round and over your shoulder and wonder what Fate has in store, to have roused the Whole World against you when you thought it was ALL YOUR WAR?

HOW does it feel, Mr. Hitler, to know that you cannot win; though you throw every German life away, still Fate's Wheel will remorselessly spin—in quickening circles against you; does that break the sweat on your brow? And does a voice whisper ceaselessly in your ear, "It will soon be your turn now!"?

HOW does it feel, Mr. Hitler, to look over Death's Fields so bleak, and to know that, wherever you go or with whomsoever you speak, STALINGRAD'S SHADOW will haunt you, like the Hand of a Giant Ghost, and will follow you to the ends of the earth, and will hound you from pillar to post?

HOW does it feel, Mr. Hitler? Does your intuitive mind *warn you of things you'll ever see, which would make men long to be blind? Things which your reeling brain will hold till it can hold no more; for though you flee from the Memories of Stalingrad,* there will still be the Ghosts of Warsaw! J. M.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

OD Control committee meetings in many districts are still held in secret. ely an unwarrantable procedure for ters which are of vital public interest. . Davis, Canvey Island.

★ ★ ★

housands of acres of potatoes are rot- in the ground all over Scotland, be- se there is no labour to pull them. y call to the growers for more potatoes, then let them rot?—A. Macfarlane, nburgh.

★ ★ ★

ompulsory cookery lessons in all schools part of post-war education is what I ocate. Bad cookery spells bad national lth.—Mrs. D. M. Q., Thornton Heath.

Two thousand Government employees were recently evacuated to a Midland town. They have practically all their meals in Government canteens, but are allowed to retain their ration books. Some send their rations home to relatives or friends. Is this fair?—J. C., Malvern.

★ ★ ★

Fire-watchers are fined when absent from duty, but one never hears of employers being fined for not providing decent accommodation for fire-watchers.—C. B., Portchester.

★ ★ ★

Queer things happen in war time. I went into a shop for fire-wood, and it was weighed to me at threepence per lb.

WIN £100 FOR YOUR THOUGHTS—SEE PAGE 15

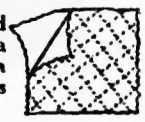
ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

Longer Life for your TOWELS

A great deal of the cotton and linen that used to be made into towels is needed now for sterner tasks—needed badly. Here are some hints on how to get extra wear out of the towels you have, so that you may keep down your purchases of new towels.

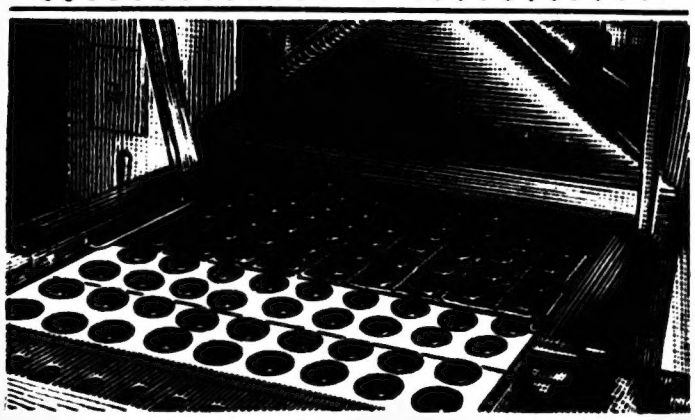
About Bath Towels Worn bath towels can be cut up and hemmed to make two or three small hand or face towels (badly worn bits will do for dusters, floor cloths, etc.). Beach robes, little used nowadays, will often make a good sized bath towel. When darning any towelling, use an oddment of wool, leaving the usual loops. When the towel is washed, the wool will thicken a trifle and be almost unnoticeable.

Face Towels When face towels get beyond patching they can be quilted together to make a towel that will give you good wear. Or a single towel doubled over and stitched makes a hand or kitchen towel.



Kitchen Towel Tactics A badly worn roller towel will provide material for at least one glass cloth. Discarded pillow cases or the odd bits of old sheets make excellent tea towels. Wash all kitchen towels regularly so that they will not need hard rubbing and boiling, which wear them out. And towels can be used less if dishes are well rinsed and left to drain and dry themselves.

Mend and make do to save buying new



BISCUITS AND CHOCOLATE

Here they are—joining forces.

Its all done by uncannily clever machinery—and although supplies are reduced, Chocolate Biscuits are still to be had for the searching. So don't forget them when you are spending your points.

And remember that with the Biscuit containing the most nourishing constituents of wheat and the chocolate its sugar, fat and vitalising iron-ration values, Chocolate Biscuits provide you with the sustenance of the perfect emergency meal.

BISCUITS for vigour

CVO—48

LAST LAUGH

E. M. (Cambridge).—"A famous orchestral conductor always whistles softly when conducting." This would be fatal in the case of a jazz band conductor. He would throw his players right into tune.

D. N. (Norwich).—"I never mind waiting my turn at the dentist's. I can always study the other patients." Or, alternatively, you can work your way through "The History of the Boer War, Illustrated, in Fortnightly Parts."

H. B. (Richmond).—"It is handy to have a spare steel helmet." You can always use it as alternative accommodation for your goldfish during an alert.

E. R. (Esher).—"A householder who shone a torch on the face of a burglar subsequently identified him and he was arrested." What the Americans call a flash in the pan.

D. M. (Exeter).—"Laval weighs his words carefully." He realises there is always a risk of absent-mindedly double-crossing himself.

R. M. (Oxford).—"Getting a play accepted for the radio is not easy." A good tip for the aspiring dramatist is to intersperse the dialogue with the sounds of seagulls, creaking cordage, seagulls, railway trains, lift gates, seagulls and seagulls, thus enlisting the interest of the Effects Department.

S. K. (Sutton).—"An Italian 'plane attacking Gibraltar dropped incendiary bombs in the sea." This method saves a lot of wear and tear of stirrup-pumps.

G. H. (Taunton).—"A man charged with stealing and attempting to sell a dozen bottles of lime-juice under the impression they contained whisky was found not guilty." Evidently a case of mistaken identity.

E. K. (London, W.).—"Many disused cellars are now being made profitable by growing mushrooms in them." Or they can be let as alternative accommodation for night clubs on the move.

L. G. (Wellington).—"Pictures of Hitler are displayed on hoardings in Germany." The Gestapo is anxious to interview small boys who have enlarged the Fuehrer's moustache to Stalinesque proportions.

D. K. (Dulwich).—"We are urged to eat potatoes with sausages." Thus no bread is wasted, provided you eat up the sausages.

FARMER (Essex).—"Two inspectors called when I was having my meal and wanted to know why I hadn't filled up the form." Well, weren't you just filling it up?

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"No, Sir. There was nobody hurt by the bombs last night. Only one man drowned in an air raid shelter"

Side-Slips

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"... fishing near Brazel Bridge on Boxing Day, landed a fine ROAD 7 in. long and scaling 2 lb. 6 oz."

LEICESTER MERCURY: — "The STOCKS were so violent that the instruments were thrown out of gear."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"... on a charge of stealing articles worth £1 5s. 10d. from a local SHORE."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE: — "R.A.F. speed launches rescued the PLOT."

DUNDEE TELEGRAPH: — "Any number of complexes which prevent the living of a DULL and normal adult life ..."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"... went on battling to annihilate the BLOCKHEADED German garrison."

SPORTING POST: — "Teams: Third Lanark were without M——, whose leave was CAPTURED."

GREATEST OF THESE

Mrs. Knapman's husband willingly served his country in the last war. Mercifully neither he nor his wife knew what was before them, for George Knapman is now a patient in a mental hospital, where he has been for the past seven years, while Mrs. Knapman has been in a sanatorium for some months, but took her discharge owing to monetary difficulties. Her daughter of seventeen is also a sufferer from tuberculosis and consequently unable to work.

There are two sons serving in the present war; and two children of school age are at home.

The total income of this sorely stricken family is 28s. a week, out of which rent and insurance takes 7s.

On this miserable pittance it is absolutely impossible for any of the family to obtain sufficient food of any kind, or the cheerful fires and warm clothing so essential in the winter.

Can you help to ease the plight of this pathetic family? Donations earmarked "Wretched," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of last week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny received being passed to those in need.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,382

L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Rd., Denton, M/c., for this Bullet:—

FOR ALL TO ENJOY FRUITS "EIGHT POINTS" SECURING.

£20: A. W. Watling, 35, Chapel Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.
Mass Production—Then Masses *Promising* **"Repetition."**

£10: R. Dean, 127, High St., Pittshill, Stoke-on-Trent.
When The End Comes—"Embarkation" Mother *Doesn't* **Fear.**

£5: D. W. Trevor Davies, c/o 3, Church St., Builth Wells, Brecs.
Our Daily Bread—Provided "Watch Over Waste."

£4: Miss D. Whittingham, 68, Winsford Gardens, Westcliff-on-Sea.
To Make A War—Impossible, Only Possible Peace.

DOUBLED FIRSTS

SEE OFFER NEXT PAGE

£3: W. A. Boughtwood, County Offices, Chelmsford.
New Kind Of Garden—From This "Pastel's" Seeds.

£2: Mrs. S. Galpin, 14, Quay Hill, Lymington, Hants.
Hole In The Roof—But We "Came Through"!

30s.: W. Sloan, 97, Dunbeth Rd., Coatbridge, Lanarks.
The Little Man—Hasn't Tic "Gallows" Winston.

30s.: H. W. Connell, 66, Alexandra Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Every Penny—"Medal" Red Cross Kare.

24s.: A. Hurford, 2, Drayton Rd., West Ealing, W.13.
Hole In The Toad—Inside In "Victory Mess"!

20s.: F. Stout, 532, Woodboro' Rd., Nottingham.
The Little Man—Don't "Sell"—Let *Them!*

20s.: W. G. Benney, 366, Cowley Rd., Oxford.
Ridiculous—Hat—Price—Size—Angle!

A list of 25 Winners of Celebration Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 314

WINNING WORDS: 1. Peace. 2. Race. 3. Rivited. 4. Places. 5. Rain. 6. Fox. 7. Kindred. 8. Plant. 9. Lace. 10. Repeat or Repent. 11. Ring. 12. Hive. 13. Scout. 14. Loosed.

Winner of £100: J. Aldridge, Heathfield, Little Heath, Tilehurst, Reading.

Runners-up Award, value £25, shared between 12 entrants. In addition, 4 lb. Celebration Cake goes to each Runner-up.

YOU CAN WIN £200 THIS WEEK!

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B.W.

Famel Conquers Coughs

Thanks to everybody's co-operation, the supply position is not too bad this season. Regular users who "can't get on without it" should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the Winter.

FAMEL SYRUP

BRAND

Optrex Ltd., Perivale Middlesex

Backache

Rheumatic Twinges

Urinary Disorders

often occur when the kidneys are sluggish

PAINS IN THE BACK, rheumatic twinges, stiff swollen muscles and joints, lumbago, urinary and bladder disorders, disturbed rest, gravel and a tired, nervy condition can all arise when the blood contains an excess of uric acid and other impurities.

You need Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine has been used successfully for over forty years. It stimulates sluggish kidneys and helps to flush out the millions of tiny filtering tubes.

Healthy kidney action will soon restore ease and comfort by ridding the system of the irritating impurities which have been causing the pain.

1/5, 3/5 (inc. tax). *Ask your Chemist for*

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

DOUBLED First PRIZES

£200 RUNNERS-UP SHARE AWARDS VALUE £25 X.WORD DOUBLE 1ST. THIS WEEK!

Xword No. 314 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d. Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d.	3d.	3d.
1 HIS POWER OF ENDURANCE IS OFTEN TRIED	MI ER			
2 IT'S USUALLY MORE TIRING TO WORK WITHOUT ANY	PLA			
3 IF YOU HAVE HEDGES ROUND YOUR GARDEN, YOU MAY HAVE THIS TO DO AT TIMES	RIM			
4 HEAVY ONE IS TOO MUCH FOR LIGHT NAVAL CRAFT	ROL			
5 AN ARTIST'S SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT ART	SI. TER			
6 HER STORMING FORT BY MEANS OF THIS SHOULD MAKE HASTE	RUS			
7 TELLS YOU SOMETHING'S IN A BAD STATE	BL T			
8 THESE MAY WELL SHOW FEAR	QUA ERS			
9 FARMER'S HORSE MAY SOMETIMES GET ITS FOOD FROM ONE	R CK			
10 SOME GET THIS FROM GANGSTER FILMS	KI K			
11 RUGBY TEAMS ARE OFTEN BEATEN BY OPPONENTS'	PAC			
12 UNPLEASANT ASPERSIONS ON A MAN MAY BE DAMAGING TO	RE UTE			
13 MAY REMAIN FROZEN FOR DAYS AT A TIME	RI E			
14 IS OF CONSIDERABLE VALUE	PLA ER			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Mar. 27.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK

No. .....MONDAY, MAR. 15.

Signed .....

Address.....

318

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right! Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullet in charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupon must not be mutilated. Members of H.S. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

INCREASED BULLETS' CASH & CAKES!

£250 DOUBLED 1ST PRIZE £100 OTHER AWARDS £20 £10 £5 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES £4 £3 £2 £1 10/- 5/- 2/6

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, March 26.

LIFE IN BRITAIN
TO SHORTEN THE WAR
GOES A LONG WAY
WORK THAT'S ESSENTIAL
POTATOES
STIRRING UP TROUBLE
SOUND OF THE BAGPIPES
THE LATEST
BANG IN THE MIDDLE
AUNTIE'S PATRIOTIC, SO
THE MASTER TOUCH

OUR GROCER
RUBBISHY STUFF
KNOWS HIS JOB
BETTER MEN
FOR A JOKE
BUDDING HITLER
NICE TO LOOK AT
NOTICE TO QUIT
NOW HE'S A CORPORAL

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

BUYING A NEW .....
SECRET OF .....
TRIBUTE TO .....
ON THE BRINK OF .....
ALL THROUGH .....
DAD'S BIT OF .....

BULLETS 1,382 RESULT appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated March 27.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark Monday, Mar. 15. 1,366

Signed.....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,366—or Xword No. 318, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

USE this Medicinal & Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura SOAP

Don't let Colds develop

Home Made Cough Mixture That Nips Them in the Bud

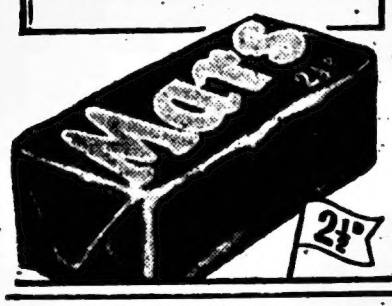
Here is the recipe for a simple but very effective medicine you can make up now and keep ready for a dose at the first cough or sneeze.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any of the following: a little sugar, or syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children, use a teaspoon. You can get a 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (Double Strength) at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

"...WISH THEY WERE AN ISSUE"

COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES!

	CALORIES (for energy)
1 glass of Milk	169
1 Egg	70
1 slice of Bread	100
1 Lamb Chop	178
1 MARS	**213**



No wonder the Services go for Mars in a big way. There's more quick energy in these chunky candy bars than in many highly recommended energy foods (see chart). In fact, they are packed with delicious goodness — chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish. And when you get them, spread and prolong your enjoyment — by cutting them up into slices.

Why not Be SLIM and Attractive

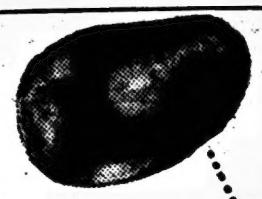
MOST women agree that the slim figure is an asset; that it spells vitality and charm.

You can be slim and vital all through the year with the aid of Bile Beans. Taken regularly at bedtime, these fine tonic-laxative pills break up and disperse excess fat. They purify the blood, tone you up and create a feeling of youth and freshness.

So don't forget to take your nightly dose of Bile Beans.

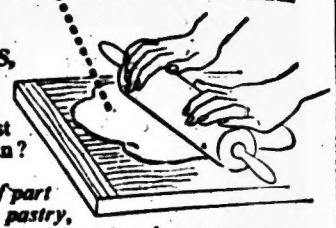
BILE BEANS

The Ideal Tonic Laxative



Now comes Part 5 in the POTATO PLAN

Use Potatoes in place of flour



(PART POTATOES, PART FLOUR)

Have you tried this latest addition to the Potato Plan? Here it is:

Use potatoes in place of part of the flour, when making pastry, puddings and cakes. The potatoes can be cooked the day before, if more convenient, and mashed while hot. Watch out for further recipes in this series.

POTATO PASTRY

Rubbing-in method. 4 ozs. mashed potatoes; 8 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. fat; ½ teaspoonful salt. Mix flour and salt, rub in fat, then work into the potato. Mix to a stiff dough, with a small amount of cold water if necessary. Knead and roll out.

Creaming method. 4 ozs. mashed potatoes; 8 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. fat; ½ teaspoonful salt. Cream fat and potato, add the flour and salt. No moisture is necessary. Mix to a stiff dough and roll out.

The 4 other parts of the Plan

1 Serve potatoes for breakfast on three days a week.

2 Make your main dish a potato dish one day a week.

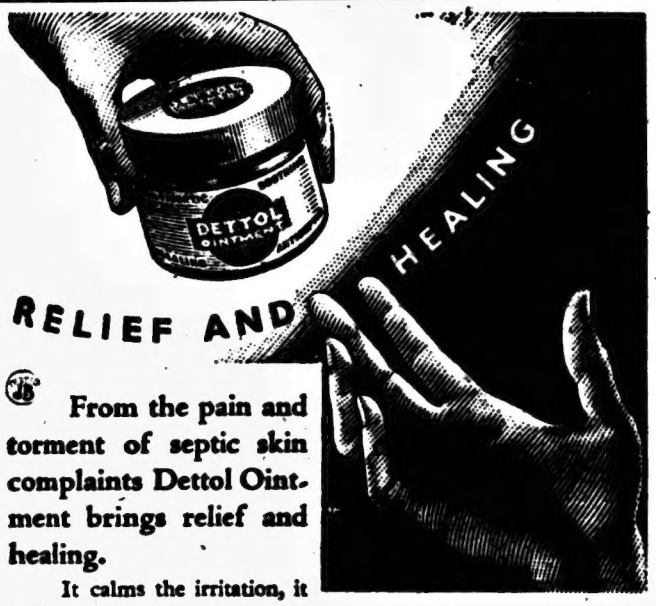
3 Refuse second helpings of other food. Have more potatoes instead.

4 Serve potatoes in other ways than "plain boiled."

Bread costs ships . . .
Eat home-grown potatoes instead

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1.

P.22.



RELIEF AND HEALING

From the pain and torment of septic skin complaints Dettol Ointment brings relief and healing.

It calms the irritation, it relieves the inflammation, and sinks deeply into the tissues to destroy those germs which by their poisons make healing both difficult and slow.

In the treatment of obstinate skin affections Dettol Ointment marks a new departure. It contains in active form the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which has won the confidence and trust of doctors and surgeons throughout the country.

Here then is an ointment which fights for you. Besides calming and relieving the irritation, Dettol Ointment fights to destroy the germs of septic skin infection, and so gives vital help to the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

From all chemists, 1/5 includes tax

DETTOL OINTMENT
BRAND
HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

QUICKEST SAFEST RELIEF *from* PAIN

Nerves always repay a little consideration. Constant pain drives them to desperation — and exhaustion. Concentration wearies them. But two tablets of Phensic will soothe the most irritable bundle of nerves and turn you into someone ready to laugh — and carry on! Try Phensic if you are subject to neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, toothache (neuralgia), rheumatic pain, or any kind of nerve strain or pain. 1/4 and 2/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

Phensic

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

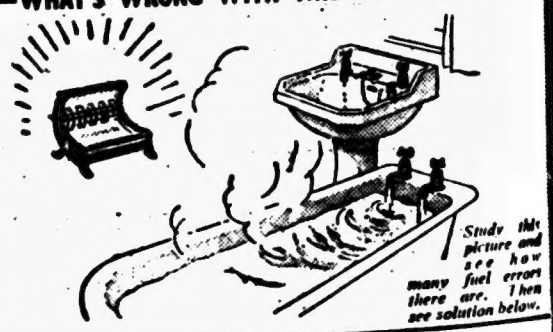
FUEL COMMUNIQUE

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

FUEL PROFICIENCY TEST

In the services recruits have to pass proficiency tests and Battle for Fuel fighters should now test their own progress in this way. Try this simple test.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS BATHROOM?



Study this picture and see how many fuel errors there are. Then see solution below.

YOUR ANSWERS SHOULD HAVE BEEN:

1 Taps should not be left dripping.
2 No fire is necessary in a bathroom.
3 There should not be more than 5 inches of water in the bath.
Make sure that every one of these bathroom economies is in force in your home.

Advice on how to burn coke in the open grate can be obtained from Public Relations Branch, Ministry of Fuel & Power, Dean Stanley St., S.W.1.

NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

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JOHN BULL
VOL. LXXIII. 1917

"I do a b
every w
half as

MAZO will help you get more out of your soap ration. Mazo has a really astonishing way of making soap go further. That is because soap plus *Mazo* gives the most active, lively suds you can have — suds that are extra cleansing, extra powerful — suds that seek out dirt in double quick

**Get the extra clea
your soap ration by
energizing**

THREE 3d PACKETS, EACH OF

MZ 87-541